PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XIV. No. 355 (New Series) SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1937 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 1001
THE COST OF LIVING 1004
THE POLISH CRISIS 1005
A LONDON DIARY 1006
THIS ENGLAND 1008
BURGOS JUSTICE 1008
THE DESTRUCTION OF GEORGIAN LONDON. By Robert Byron 1009
TALKING ABOUT DRINKING. By Y. Y. 1010
CORRESPONDENCE 1011
Peter Rennell Rodd; H. M. Napier; Prof. A. L. Bowley; J. L. Hammond; Almoner; Sidney Cole; S. L. Turner; S. C. Leslie; Charlotte Haldane.
TRAILING CLOUDS. By G. W. Stonier . . . 1013
THE OLD CARTHUSIAN. By Sagittarius . . . 1014
THE MOVIES. By Peter Galway 1014
PLAYS AND PICTURES 1014
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . Page 1018
REVIEWS:
New Novels. By Brian Howard 1020
Grand Touring and Good Mixing. By C. E. M. Joad 1022
Convalescent Voyage 1024
Picture Books. By Raymond Mortimer . . 1026
Little Art and a Long Life. By Anthony West . 1028
A Good Book. By Harold J. Laski . . . 1030
"And Adam was a Gardener—and What . . .?" By R. G. E. Willison 1030
Birds and Country. 1032
SHORTER NOTICES 1034
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 1034
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 1038
CROSSWORD 1040
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Dives . . . 1042

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

HOPES that Nanking might stem the Japanese advance disappeared with the flight of Chiang Kai-shek on Tuesday. As we write, the city is still held by a large force of Chinese, but its suburbs are ablaze and the invading armies close under its walls. The prophets are divided as to what the next phase will be. The Japanese have now possessed themselves of an immense slice of Northern China, and they may be content with this (for the present) and address themselves to the task of holding it. That will not be easy—either from an economic or a military point of view. The Chinese have suffered heavy losses, but they may still be capable of a harassing guerilla warfare against an enemy who will presently be, if he is not already, in straits for money—money which we hope will not be forthcoming from this country or from America. A firm peace—on Japan's conditions—is hardly conceivable, though there is a party in both countries that would like to make terms as soon as possible. Others are prepared, if not anxious, to go on with the bloody work. The Japanese may make a big attack in the south. There is also talk of major operations very shortly in the province of Shantung. But the prospect that offers is not altogether satisfactory; for Japan herself has large industrial interests there which would be destroyed or damaged, together with other people's, in the fighting.

The Wistful Japanese

Meanwhile, having lost all chance of working in co-operation to stop Japan, the Western Powers maintain as much dignity as Japan allows them. She still thinks it worth while to offer a formal apology when her planes bomb British ships, and the hope of a treaty which will recognise British rights is no doubt still dangled before British eyes. No one acquainted with the Far East, however, believes that Japan intends more than a truce until, in accordance with the programme of the Tanaka Memorandum, the time comes for another spring that will oust all except Japanese capitalism in China. In these circumstances some melancholy pleasure may be found in seeing Mr. Garvin, Fascism's most faithful friend, driven to chiding the Japanese; while the *Times*, manfully whistling to keep its courage up, has actually discovered "a hint of wistfulness" in Japan's attitude, suggesting "that Japan wants peace far more than China does." It is encouraging to find that international solidarity, apparently dead among democratic Governments, is still alive amongst the workers. The Southampton dockers

who refused to unload the Japanese cargo on the *Duchess of Richmond*, have been fully supported by their comrades in Glasgow, where the Japanese goods on two other boats have been banned in accordance with a strong resolution pledging full Union support for any such action against Japan.

Non-Intervention Again

Non-Intervention talks have been resumed in London, but progress, if progress it can be called, is by inches. Both the Republican Government and the rebels have agreed in principle to the plan for withdrawal of "volunteers" from Spain, but each with reservations. Franco wants the recognition of belligerent rights, the Government naturally objects to that. Difficulties will almost certainly arise, too, over the actual numbers that are to be held to constitute a "substantial" withdrawal. While the Committee is thus struggling with its problems, some of our Tory back-benchers, more royalist than the king, have raised a hullabaloo about Mr. Attlee's visit to Spain. He and Miss Wilkinson and Mr. Noel Baker have been the guests of the Spanish Government, and have expressed their sympathy with the Republican cause. To represent this as a "breach of faith" is fantastic. The visitors had promised before they went "not to take part in any activities liable to be interpreted as inconsistent with his Majesty's Government's policy of non-intervention." Who but a lunatic could put that interpretation on the friendly speeches by Mr. Attlee? Every Spaniard, whether loyalist or rebel, knows that the Labour Party in the British Parliament does not share the views of—still less represent—the British Government. And do the critics really suggest that the fact that the Leader of the Opposition is paid a salary entitles the Foreign Office or anybody else to shut his mouth to suit their convenience?

Diplomatic Touring

M. Delbos's East European tour is proceeding according to plan. Little beyond guess-work is possible as yet about the results of his talks. But the Franco-Polish alliance, an official communiqué declares, was reaffirmed "as a basic and permanent element in the policies of both Governments." And a similar assurance will no doubt be given in Bucarest. It is believed that one of the subjects under discussion in Warsaw was the colonial question. Poland not only wants freer access to overseas produce; but if there is to be a bandying about of colonial territories, she does not see why she should not have a share in it. A Polish Congo or Cameroons is a new complication! Meanwhile, M. Stoyadinovitch is in Italy, and next month will pay an official visit to Germany—a return of Baron von Neurath's visit to Belgrade last June. Cordial relations between Italy and Jugoslavia are all to the good—or would be if Mussolini were really a man of peace. But some suspicion is not unnaturally felt that the Rome-Berlin axis, which with the Japanese entente has already become a triangle, is presently to appear as a quadrilateral.

The Coal Bill in Parliament

The Coal Bill is now on its obstructed way through the House of Commons. The most important matter that has been debated so far is the restriction which prevents the proposed Coal Commission from undertaking any mining operations of its own, apart from mere boring and searching for coal. The Labour Party tried to get this restriction removed, on the ground that it would hamper the Commission in its experimental operations. But the other side at once raised the cry that the Labour Party was trying to introduce nationalisation by the back door, and Liberals joined with Conservatives to vote down the Labour amendment. Outside Parliament, the colliery owners are still protesting that they are not hostile to the principle of public ownership of the coal, as distinct from the coal mines; but they are opposing the entire scheme, including the royalty unification as well as the compulsory amalgamation clauses to which they take the strongest objection. Altogether, the Bill stands a chance of being severely mauled in both Houses before it reaches the Statute Book, if it ever does. We shall be greatly surprised if it gets through in any really workable shape, or without changes which will once more render the amalgamation proposals useless.

Air Raid Evacuation

On the third reading of the Air Raid Precautions Bill a new clause was added on the motion of the Home Secretary. It provides that local authorities must furnish the Home Office with any information required to facilitate the preparation of plans for transference of population in the event of war. The clause was welcomed by critics of the Bill who had urged in previous debates that evacuation of civilians from crowded, vulnerable areas would be the only way of averting panic and monstrous destruction of life. Whether the clause will lead to much positive action by the Government is another matter. Sir Samuel Hoare again stressed the difficulties of evacuation, as well he might, unless there is vast precautionary expenditure on transport and alternative accommodation. He announced that the administration side of A.R.P. would be strengthened by the transference to the Home Office of Mr. Eady, now secretary of the Unemployment Assistance Board. But he once more deprecated too much attention being devoted to "passive defence"; it might lead to a "dangerous bias" against vigorous counter-attack, in which the best hope of victory might well lie. The Government clearly holds to its policy of lulling civilians into an illusory sense of security. It clings presumably to the hope that the prospect of the mutual destruction of capital cities by air forces equally unfettered by civilian claims to protection may deter even aggressively minded States from beginning a war.

Is a Slump on the Way?

Even when full allowance has been made for seasonal changes, the November unemployment returns do not look nice. In nearly all the important industries except coal mining, which shows a seasonal improvement, and the trades chiefly affected by rearmament, unemployment has gone up. Outside the seasonal trades, the decline is most serious in textiles, both cotton and wool showing large increases in the numbers out of work. Elsewhere the changes are not very large; but there is a depressing uniformity. Just as they appeared, Mr. McKenna was making a speech in which he explained that there was really nothing to worry about, and no reason to anticipate any real decline in trade. But can conditions in the United

States slip back as far as they have slipped already without serious reactions on this country? If the American business men are determined to have a depression, out of pure hatred for Mr. Roosevelt and the C.I.O., nothing can stop them from dragging us down too, at any rate, a part of the way. We agree with Mr. McKenna that it is essential to maintain the regime of cheap money, and that if it is maintained there is no real reason why a depression should set in just now, unless the Americans insist on making one. But if they do, facile optimism will not be of any use in meeting it. The Government, unless it is prepared to face a large increase in unemployment, will have to step in with further measures (over and above rearmament) designed to keep up the demand for labour. Possibly the Select Committee of the Lords on road accidents may have some suggestions to make about double tracks and differentiated roads.

Civil Service Conditions

The Postmaster-General has taken up a curious attitude in refusing to negotiate with the Union of Post Office Workers on its claim for higher wages and improved conditions. This means that the U.P.W.'s demands will be sent directly to arbitration, without any preliminary attempt to settle the matter by collective bargaining, or at any rate to narrow down the issues on which the arbitrators will have to pronounce. It seems most inadvisable that this course should be followed, unless there are very special reasons for it. The correct use of arbitration in industrial disputes is surely to settle matters which the parties directly concerned have failed after negotiation to adjust between themselves; and it is an abuse of the arbitrator's function to lay the whole case before him without any prior effort at agreement. In addition to the postal workers, the civil servants in other departments are also on the move for improved conditions; and, as usual, the energetic Civil Service Clerical Association is making the running with public appeals and a big demonstration in support of its claims. This has annoyed some of the other associations, which would have preferred to keep quiet for fear of annoying the officers at the top of the Service. But, if the Postmaster-General's attitude is any guide, the civil servants are not likely to get anything without asking for it "loud and clear."

Carbide and Vandalism

Having decided that it is strategically unsafe for the British armament industry to rely on supplies of calcium carbide imported from Scandinavia, the Government has announced its approval of the construction by the British Oxygen Company of two factories for its production—one at Port Talbot, in South Wales, the other at Corpach, in the West Highlands. The Port Talbot scheme has much to commend it. There are ample supplies accessible both of unemployed labour and of low-grade coal suitable for the production of the electric power required in the manufacture of carbide. The new plant, whose cost will be about £1,000,000, should be completed within a year. On the other hand, the Corpach scheme will cost £3,000,000, will take at least three years to reach fruition, and will involve the devastation of some of the finest scenery in the Highlands. The House of Commons has already twice rejected the Power Bill introduced by the company to sanction this project. The rejection was based on the sound arguments that the scheme would do nothing for Highland employment, and that it is monstrous that the Great Glen of Scotland should be despoiled, and the head waters of the Ness diverted, for the profit of a private company. Now that it has been decided that coal-fired power production of carbide is economically possible in a depressed industrial area, the last shred of argument in favour of the Caledonian Power Bill has vanished.

The Public Health

The P.E.P. *Report on the British Health Services*, which has just been published, is an extremely valuable piece of work. It is a close and comprehensive survey, descriptive and critical, of the various branches of Public Health—hospitals, maternity and child welfare, mental treatment, the National Insurance scheme, special services of different kinds, nutrition, physical education, medical research. It took, we are told, some three years to compile, and it needs more than a paragraph to discuss it adequately; we hope to deal with it fully in our next issue. The impression it makes is that there is ground for pride in our national health system, but also much to be sorry for or ashamed of. Whether it can be perfected without more drastic changes than the authors of this Report contemplate, is open to question. But no one will deny that the reforms they propose are urgent—particularly the co-ordination and better use of the existing health services; the improvement of nutrition; the inclusion of dependants in the Insurance scheme; and the development of research not only on the medical but on the social and economic causes of sickness.

The Native Protectorates

Sir Abe Bailey's letter to the *Times* last Wednesday shows that there has been no relaxation of pressure on the Dominions Office to arrange for the transfer of the Native Protectorates to the South African Government. When we recall the colour bar and all the innumerable restrictions of native rights in South Africa, Sir Abe's description of the suggested transfer as a "generous gesture" reminds us of the Boy Scout whose idea of a good deed was to give his canary to the cat. The part assigned for the South African native is unconsciously revealed in Sir Abe's charming remark: "The natives are a great asset, and Kaffir labour plays an important part in the development of South Africa." He has noticed that the mass of inhabitants of a country are one of its great assets, but when he goes on to argue that for that reason the South African Government would see the necessity of treating native labour generously, the only possible answer is to state the grim facts about the actual position of the native in the Union to-day. The facts are indeed so bad that few English people care to know what they are like. We believe that Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, who has an excellent record at the Dominions Office, and who gave a clear answer to the request for the transfer only a few months ago, is well aware of these facts and that he will continue to regard the Protectorates as a trust for which Britain has direct responsibility.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.

THE COST OF LIVING

ARE food prices too high? The National Farmers Union, pointing out that they have risen since 1914 markedly less than the other elements in the cost of living, argues confidently that they are not, and appears even to suggest that they are still unduly low. On the other hand, the housewife, who finds her weekly money buying to-day a good deal less than it would a little while ago, takes a different view; and the unfortunates who are compelled to subsist on old age pensions, unemployment allowances, or other fixed weekly payments, are already feeling the pinch pretty badly, and are looking forward to anything but a Merry Christmas. It is true that the Government, though it has rejected the demand for any general rise in the scales of unemployment payments, has advised its local officers to take account of harsh cases of proved need. But such piecemeal readjustments cannot prevent a large section of the people, including many of the employed workers as well as the unemployed, from suffering a real reduction in their standards of living.

When these hardships are pointed out, the official answer appears to be that, as a consequence of the catastrophic fall in prices during the world depression, the consumers of Great Britain secured a windfall gain in purchasing power, and that they cannot expect their luck to last. World agricultural prices, it is true, fell in 1932 and 1933 to levels which were ruinous to producers in the food-exporting countries; and it was generally recognised that a recovery in these prices was essential to world prosperity. That recovery has now occurred, and naturally the increase in wholesale food prices has been accompanied by a rise in the cost of living. It is denied that Government policy, either through tariffs and quotas or through marketing schemes, has made any substantial contribution to the rise in prices, and accordingly the Government washes its hands of responsibility.

It is undoubtedly true that the recent increases in the cost of living have been due largely to world causes. In November of this year, the 4-lb. loaf was at 9½*d.*, as compared with 7*d.* in 1931 and 5¾*d.* in 1914. Tea was at 2*s.* 2½*d.*, as compared with 1*s.* 9*d.* in 1932, and margarine at 6¾*d.*, as compared with 5¼*d.* in 1935. But it is undeniable that tariffs, quotas and marketing schemes have also played a considerable part. Thus streaky bacon cost in November 1*s.* 3½*d.* per lb., as against 10*d.* in 1932. Milk was up to 7*d.* a quart, as against 5¾*d.* in 1933. Fresh butter cost 1*s.* 6½*d.* in November, as against 1*s.* 1¼*d.* in 1934. These increases clearly cannot be attributed entirely to world forces.

It is, however, arguable that, if the existing organisation of the food industries is taken for granted, current prices are not for the most part unduly high. There are glaring examples to the contrary—above all, milk and, only in a less degree, bacon. But, as far as world prices are concerned, there is no evidence that agricultural producers are getting more than a reasonable return in comparison with the manufacturers of industrial goods. Nor can it be shown that a reduction in the level of world agricultural prices, if it could be brought about, would be good for world prosperity. It would, indeed, certainly be bad for British exporting industries and for British owners of capital invested overseas, and it might be a powerful factor in precipitating another world slump.

Plainly, if anything ought to be done to bring down the cost of living, attention should be concentrated, not on world prices of raw foodstuffs, but rather on British prices of protected products, and on the costs incurred in getting foodstuffs from the producers' into the consumers' hands. This means that the problem has to be considered commodity by commodity, and not as a whole. It is, for example, scandalous and absurd that liquid milk, which everyone admits to be an article of diet ranking among the very highest in nutritive value, should be maintained at a price which involves the sale of vast quantities of "surplus" milk at extremely low prices to manufacturers. This means that milk, which ought to be drunk by the people, is diverted to the making of milk products which could be imported much more cheaply from abroad. It is no answer to this criticism to urge that something is being done to supply milk at an intermediate price (i.e., somewhere between the standard liquid and manufacturing prices) to certain limited classes of needy consumers. What is needed is a general reduction in the cost of liquid milk; it is absurd to pretend that this would not serve to expand the general demand.

Or take the case of bacon. It is undeniable that the restrictions imposed on bacon imports, especially from Denmark, have raised considerably the price not only of the home supply, but still more of the limited quantities that have been allowed to come in from abroad. The original argument in favour of this policy was that the British producers would soon be in a position to supply bacon as good and as cheap as any that could be imported. But there is no sign of this happening, and bacon is so important an article of working-class consumption that there seems to be clear need for a complete reconsideration of policy. There should be no restriction on bacon imports: if the Government wishes to stimulate home production it would be much better and more economical to do it by way of a subsidy than by a restrictive control, which raises prices all along the line.

If anything further is to be done towards reducing retail food prices, it will have to be done mainly, apart from a few special commodities, by narrowing the distributive margins. It is beyond question that, above all in the food trades, there are too many shops and too many agencies engaged in wholesale distribution. Nor can it be denied that, where organisation has been improved in a technical sense by clever combination and the elimination of redundant agencies, the benefit has tended to go to the combines rather than to the consuming public. We should like, for example, to see a full public inquiry into the record of the flour-milling industry in recent years, as well as a fresh study of the operations of the milk distributors and the agencies handling both home-produced and imported meat, vegetables and fruit.

We do not expect to get any of these things from the existing Government. In effect, the Government is correct enough in telling the consumers that they have to put up with rising prices as a concomitant of world recovery from the slump and of an expansionist monetary policy designed to maintain the volume of employment in Great Britain (though it would take a rash prophet to predict how long, in view of the marked tendencies

towards world recession, these conditions are likely to last). The consumers will not succeed in persuading the Government to take any action designed to bring prices down. On the contrary, if world recession does develop further, it will probably before long be doing everything within its power to prevent them from falling.

But, if the consumers are to make up their mind that high, and not low, prices square with Government policy, how are they to act? They stand, in practice, a much better chance of increasing their money incomes than of raising their purchasing power through a reduction in the cost of living. Accordingly, we should like to see the Trade Unions pressing more energetically for wage advances and for other improvements in working conditions; and therewith we should like to see the whole working-class movement and the Opposition in Parliament demanding with greater vigour than has yet been shown an upward revision of old age pensions, health and unemployment insurance benefits, unemployment and public assistance grants under the Means Test, and indeed of social service payments of every sort and kind.

The Government will doubtless answer—as the *Times* attempted to answer in a leading article last week—by bidding the poor count their blessings more carefully, and marvel at what the National Government has achieved for them. It is true that workers in full employment are even to-day, despite the recent rise in prices, still somewhat better off in purchasing power than they were in the years before the world slump. But this advantage is rapidly disappearing and, unless another slump arrives, it will soon have vanished altogether. Moreover, the standard of life, in view of the very rapid growth of productivity, ought to be rising fast and continuously; its advance should not depend, as in fact it largely has done, on the abnormal depression of world prices of primary products. By all means let the Labour Party campaign against the rising cost of living; but both it and the Trade Unions will be wise to put their hopes chiefly in their power to secure that, if prices rise, incomes shall rise too.

THE POLISH CRISIS

THERE is a superstition about November in Polish politics, and the 1937 edition has not failed in the sensational. With the passing of the economic crisis, the governmental crisis, more or less endemic since March, 1933, has come to a head. Even the most faithful partisans of the regime have begun to be alarmed. There have been veiled threats of a general strike. Though forecasts of a Fascist *coup d'état* would seem at any rate premature, nobody in Poland attempts to disguise the gravity of the situation.

Of this, the recent "Audience at the Castle" is itself sufficient testimony. As reported on November 13th the President of the Polish Republic, M. Moscicki, took the unprecedented and—in Poland—astonishing step of receiving a Socialist deputation, consisting of twelve delegates representing the Polish Socialist Party (P.P.S.), the Central Trade Union Commission and the Popular University Society. The delegation stressed the immediate peril to the peace of Europe and the security of Poland from the bellicose arrogance of the Fascist Powers and protested against any further *rapprochement* of Polish foreign policy with States overtly planning wars of aggression against countries amongst which Poland must be counted. Passing to economic and social conditions, the delegation emphasised the great rural poverty in some provinces of the Republic. The home market, they said, could not be revived without a considerable amelioration of the standard of life of the working masses. The influence of foreign capital was having disastrous results in industry and agriculture. Poland must have a planned economy, must reform the structure of her agriculture; the State must take over control of such industries as are necessary to her defence. The monstrous unemployment in Poland's towns and villages must be faced. The present state of Poland was a problem with but one solution—a radical change of the electoral system in force since 1935 and the immediate holding of free, secret, honest democratic elections, with a guarantee that the Government would not repeat the methods adopted in 1928 and 1930.

The "Audience at the Castle," which lasted some two hours, created a sensation. The whole press underlined the unprecedented nature of the *démarche*, which was itself proof of the grave state of affairs. The significant paradox of it is that what is but a realisation—though a tardy realisation—of the principles of the April Constitution gave rise to discontent precisely amongst those who had forced through that Constitution, namely, the influential, but numerically small group of so-called "old colonels" and the directors of the O.Z.N. (National Unity Camp) which claims to unite all national forces in a single communal—but as yet undefined—idea. Actually, the bulwarks of the present regime are on the one hand the army's support, and on the other hand the disunity of the massive but amorphous opposition.

Now the gravity of the present situation arises precisely from this, that to-day "governmental" opinion is perhaps even less united than that of the official opposition. There are in Poland both a Left and a Right Opposition. Clerical-Conservative bickerings have been the order of the day for a year at least. And Marshal Smigly-Rydz's outspoken speech on October 31st continues to provide the main topic of speculation in all circles and to draw numerous commentaries from all sections of both the governmental and oppositional press. The speech, which was not published at the time, but whose gist is now public property, is of crucial importance in so far as it brought to a head the differences known to have arisen during the previous months in the ranks of the Legionaries and P.O.W. (Polish Military Party). Prior to October 31st these had become so serious as to make the likelihood of a radical split within the chief governmental parties a matter of general expectation. The so-called Left Wing of the Union of Legionaries launched a violent attack against the nationalist ideology, the anti-semitic tendencies and the general Nazi sympathies of the Young O.Z.N., a special organisation ostensibly restricted to the "under thirties" and formed about a year ago by Colonel Koc within the framework of the O.Z.N. Colonel Koc thereupon resigned from the leadership of the Young O.Z.N., stating that he would in future restrict his activities to the organisation and direction of the O.Z.N. proper, of which he is also chief.

Following on these developments, Marshal Smigly-Rydz delivered a speech to a delegation of some 800 Legionaries which must be considered a last attempt to save the unity of an organisation which has been the basis of all Polish Governments since the 1926 *coup d'état*. He pointed out three alternatives before the Legionaries and P.O.W. Either they would remain with him; in which case they would continue to fill the same position in political life as they had done hitherto. Or they would remain neutral—an admittedly untenable position in present Polish politics. Or again, they might be against him. In that case they must accept the consequences.

Those who heard the speech understood perfectly that it was a question of an ultimatum. Either his old followers, to a large extent former Socialists and democrats, might declare against the present regime and take a decision involving the rejection of the authority of the will of one who is the *de facto*, and considers himself the *de jure*, successor of Pilsudski. Or they might give in to that will and the so-called exigencies of home interests, and thereby resign the ideological liberty which

according to Marshal Smigly-Rydz is at present impracticable for national and social reasons. The recent crisis and the Marshal's speech are therefore of primary importance, and informed circles contend that only if this latter alternative proves the ultimate solution, can the unity of the Union of Legionaries and of the P.O.W. be saved. The speech is taken to constitute a confirmation of the all too evident fact that the creation of the O.Z.N. was less a question of grouping together large numbers of citizens than one of consolidating a small, docile and privileged *élite* to act as a bulwark for the numerically small groups that have been in power since 1926 —with, furthermore, a few nationalist and anti-semitic elements attached.

Following the Marshal's speech, a mass meeting of East Poland Legionaries and P.O.W. members at Lvov on November 8th, declared unanimously against the totalitarian tendencies of the State. On this occasion the president of the Lvov section of the Legionaries declared his antagonism to the historiosophy of the Young O.Z.N. There was a legend of Jozef Pilsudski, he said, and there was a legend of the Legionaries, but there was not and would not be a legend of M. Dmowski (chief of the nationalist camps of Poland.). "We are and remain democrats; we oppose all totalitarian tendencies, but at the same time also oppose the Left and Communism." "We want to join the O.Z.N. as co-creators and collaborators of the political reality of Poland, but to do so without abandoning our old ideals. We want to join the O.Z.N., but only under our own standard."

The Assembly then unanimously passed the following resolutions:

(1) This Conference affirms that the *sine qua non* of the normal functioning of the Republic is a healthy Parliament reflecting the political opinion of the nation and its economic interests. The present Diet, chosen on the basis of the regulations in force, is not such a reflection. The Conference is therefore of the opinion that the establishment of a new ordinance and the holding of new elections on its basis is a paramount and immediate necessity. The conference condemns all attempts to impose on Poland a totalitarian system which is but a veiled form of dictatorship and terrorism by the governing class over the masses.

(2) This Conference considers the complete absence of peasants and workers in the ranks of academic youth a fact dangerous to the normal structure of the nation and one of the causes of the lawless and disgraceful behaviour of a large number of students. It condemns the brutal excesses against the Jews. . . .

(3) This conference strongly condemns and denies responsibility for the political methods of the Young O.Z.N. Their shock tactics are foreign to the traditions of the Legionaries and the spirit of the Polish people.

The Lvov meeting merits particular attention, because its resolutions reflect the preponderant current of opinion in Legionaries and P.O.W. circles which had been the most important bulwark of the Governments of Poland since the *coup d'état* of 1926. It shows that a schism in this organisation will be inevitable if the high direction of the O.Z.N. persists in its nationalistic line of activity. Noteworthy also, that it is the first time that a Legionaries-P.O.W. organisation has spoken so openly of the absolute necessity of holding new, democratic, free elections.

Nevertheless, towards the end of the month there have been signs of a reorientation, if not a renaissance, of the O.Z.N. After the P.O.W. conference at Vilno (November 21st), which solemnly proclaimed its support of the O.Z.N. on the condition of its renouncing totalitarianism, all organisations which joined the O.Z.N. nine months ago are reaffirming their allegiance, and in the governmental camp there is great animation. This is primarily the work of an ex-premier, M. Koscialkowski, who as premier had vainly sought to secure the support of Marshal Smigly-Rydz. In the ministerial reshuffle following his failure, he became Minister of Labour in the present cabinet of M. Skladkowski. As one of the last National Liberals in the government, it was therefore comprehensible that the Marshal should have appointed him in the role of mediator between the four main divergent tendencies of the Legionaries and P.O.W., namely, Colonel Koc's O.Z.N., formally tending to radical nationalism and now central; the Left Wing of the Legionaries, antagonistic to nationalism and manoeuvring for a collaboration with the Left; the Legionary Centre, moderately nationalist and favouring a limited democratic regime; and the "Statists," antagonistic to radical nationalism and working for partial totalitarianism. It would seem M. Koscialkowski is enjoying a temporary triumph.

At the same time new clouds are forming. Colonel Koc is in the throes of organising a parliamentary group of O.Z.N. in the Diet and Senate—a process denounced by the Left as a violation of the electoral system in force, which does not provide for political cliques in a Diet designed to be representative of provinces and "estates." Again, there is much talk in official circles of the legalisation of the National Radical Party. Such a step would seem to confirm the opposition's suspicions, for the party boasts a programme closely resembling the Hitlerian, and has, in the last two years—since Pilsudski's death—distinguished itself by ruthless and continual anti-Semitic violence. It was dissolved in 1934 after the assassination of the then Home Minister.

The Socialists, moreover, are certainly not inclined to cease their attack. On November 28th a manifesto was published recalling the assassination of the second president of the Polish Republic, the democrat M. Narntowicz, at a time—fifteen years ago—when "the capital of Poland had become an arena for the murderous excesses of nascent Fascism." "We must not forget this incident. We must not forget to-day because we now see the same Fascist elements of the Polish reaction terrorising citizens of other views with clubs, knives, revolvers and bombs. They want to clutch Poland in their grasp and turn her into another Hitleria. A peril menaces Poland with destruction and decomposition. We must therefore mobilise the opinion of the working, peasant and intellectual masses whose future lies in a democratic Poland of social justice."

BALTICUS

A LONDON DIARY

IT is unnecessary to keep up the pretence that the changes in the High Command of the Army are not connected with the controversy about British defence policy that has been going on, especially in the columns of the *Times*. The two generals who retired were, I am told, more conservative than elderly and their successors are chosen rather because they are thought to be open to new ideas and conditions than because their appointment reduces the average age of generals. It is thought that General Gort, who is a man of great energy and drive, is more "adaptable" than his predecessor, while amongst the other promotions Sir Ronald Adam is talked of as an officer with modern ideas and first-class brains. The changes seem to have been made with startling rapidity, for a question in the House of Commons showed that Sir Harry Knox did not know of his own resignation until after the Cabinet met on Wednesday and was saying good-bye in the War Office on Thursday morning.

* * *

I am not, of course, suggesting that these changes signalise any abrupt change in British policy. On the contrary, they are to be interpreted, I gather, as a sign that the defence policy is to be based on a continuation of the foreign policy that has disgraced the last six years. That policy was at first just muddle and lack of policy; now it is being rationalised and justified as if it had been the outcome of deliberate calculation. During the Abyssinian affair we muddled away the type of security we had plumped for in the League of Nations and we were left with the problem of defending a scattered empire by our own strength. The task of building a vast army as well as the naval and air supremacy which the defence of this Empire is said to demand is impracticable. It is argued that we should be content with a very small mechanised expeditionary force, and that while we fortify the Empire and win supremacy in the air (the naval pact with Germany is the keystone of the arch of this argument) we must avoid war

(not seek peace, which is a quite different thing) at any price of surrender to the Fascist powers. All well-armed countries nowadays are terrified of war with each other; no one really knows what would be the effects of mass bombing reprisals on two big industrial populations. Mr. Baldwin said revolution. The rulers of the world regard it as a safer proposition to make war on democratically organised and comparatively unarmed countries like China and Spain—in which cases civil war can be fomented and in any case an open declaration of war avoided. If they have mineral wealth so much the better. It is bad enough to have Communism (i.e., any kind of free institutions) inside your country, but if you also have iron, copper, mercury or oil, then your position is perilous indeed. If this policy comes off the prospect is an uneasy and ashamed personal safety for ourselves while the world falls a prey to Fascism, followed by general destruction when the Great Powers quarrel among themselves.

* * *

No one yet knows what the Courts will make of A. P. Herbert's Marriage Bill. I hope it will bring as much relief, especially to poor people whom Mr. Herbert has so particularly in mind, as its author hoped and intended. There have even been doubts about whether the Bill is retrospective, that is, whether last year's cruelty will do or whether, if you and your wife want to part, you've got to begin deserting or being cruel all over again on January 1st, 1938. But, you will exclaim, "You are forgetting that the new law sets its face even more resolutely against collusion than the last. 'You and your wife want to part' indeed! No such criminal desire is countenanced in English law!" Quite true. And that is the reason why I have been less interested in Mr. Herbert's otherwise entirely admirable reform than I perhaps ought to have been. It always seemed to me as if someone in the traditional Wild West—and our society is in matters of sex still just about in that stage—had decided to reform the law which permitted so much homicide, and after a great deal of discussion had succeeded in improving the definition of manslaughter and clearing up certain difficult and onerous anomalies about accidental death and insurance, but had not even attempted to deal with the question of murder. Would that really be more absurd than divorce reform that excludes all cases where the partners are both unhappy and want to find other partners? What other test of any institution can there be among sane people, whatever their form of religion or irreligion, than the human happiness, the spiritual and physical welfare, of those it caters for? And where is the social advantage of preventing the dissolution of marriages that are admittedly unhappy? However, as Mr. Herbert explains once again in his very modest little book, *The Ayes Have It* (Methuen, 6s.), there was never a chance of gaining recognition for the principle of "divorce by consent," and therefore we must judge his Bill, when the Courts allow us, by its success or failure not, indeed, in giving relief where it is most needed, but in coming to the rescue in some rather less frequent but still often tragic cases of matrimonial disaster. Mr. Herbert's book should be a tremendous success; not only because it is written by Mr. Herbert and on a subject which interests almost everyone, but also because it tells in a short and most readable fashion the story of how a Bill may on rare occasions become an Act of Parliament even when introduced by a private Member. Mr. Herbert is a great champion of democracy, and his achievement represents a very considerable tribute to the working of democratic institutions, at least in cases which do not split society along the line of class fissure. The book is not a substitute for Erskine May, but students will easily persuade themselves that it is the most readable introduction to the study of parliamentary procedure.

* * *

Does the spate of sophisticated cookery books published this Christmas mean that English people are beginning to realise that there are other things to eat than meat with two veg. (usually boiled and sodden)? I put this question to a colleague. Might it not, I said, soon be possible to produce an English version of that excellent French guide-book for the stomacho-centric traveller—the *Club sans Club* annual, which comments tersely and dispassionately (no advertisements accepted) on the merits of every manner of eating-house throughout France, from the *chi-chi* establishment appropriate to the entertainment of a *poule de luxe* to the obscure provincial *bistro* where, none the less, the onion soup may be relied on. My colleague shook his head. In his view the project would fail. First, it would be impossible to mobilise here, as the *Club sans Club* did in France, an adequate corps of knowledgeable investigators prepared to tour sections of the country in search of good cooking. Secondly, he averred, in 99 per cent. of the country inns investigated the most favourable verdict would take the painfully stereotyped form of "Up to average Trust House standard"; the pleasurable speciality, the regional dish, the distinguished honesty in preparing even simple meals from local produce would be lacking. In reply I could name (by hearsay at least) six really good country inns and recall the pioneering work of the Wine and Food Society, but I had no convincing case to bring against him. Is he wrong? Answers from readers whose requirements have been satisfied by bacon and eggs for lunch, tea and dinner will not be welcomed. Nor is it enough to say that the beer was in good condition; it ought to be. Incidentally, why is it that the best beer in England is to be obtained from two inns—one in Cornwall, one in the Cotswolds—where mine host in each case has a licence to make his own brew? There is a case for the wide extension of brewing licenses to responsible applicants, whatever the joint-stock proprietors of the mass-production breweries may say.

* * *

From a friend's letter I make the following extract: "In Westmorland it has been a week-end of snow and frost-bound roads. You have so often upbraided my extravagance in paying £520 for a comparatively small car that I wish you had been with me in the Fells on Sunday. We came upon five cars which had skidded off the roads, and of these victims three (one American and two English "baby" models) had turned turtle. From one of the latter, whose carrier at the rear was laden with two large suitcases and a perambulator, I assisted in extricating the driver, his wife, his father and his grandmother—all large, combined weight, say, 700 lbs.—greatly perplexed to know 'what could have happened to them.' When they found no bones broken but considerable damage done to (*a*) the pram, and (*b*) granny's nerves, they took to cursing Hore-Belisha and Burgin *vicissim* for not giving us safer roads. The moral? I submit, dear Critic, that there are several morals. (1) There should be a separate test before a licence to drive in winter is issued; not one amateur motorist in a thousand has learned how to handle a bad skid. (2) There should be a strict limitation of the permissible load carried on light cars. Overloading is habitual and is a menace. (3) Manufacturers should be compelled to give much more attention to safe design. It can be done, as designers at Derby, Staines and Thames Ditton—in their different categories—have proved. No car should turn turtle as the result of skidding on to the verge of a road." There is something in what my friend says. I am no less disposed to urge continually the need for better, safer roads; but I share his feeling that in their competitive zeal to give quantity for money, manufacturers are in danger of crowding the roads with vehicles whose speed and construction make them deadly in the hands of the inexpert driver.

* * *

The Communists this year have produced a series of Christmas cards to remind us of our duty in Spain, China, and elsewhere. (I doubt if they are generally on sale; you get them, I take it, at Collett's Bookshop, or from the Party Headquarters, at 16 King Street, W.C.2.) Two of them contain poems by C. Day Lewis, several appeal to the great traditions of the British struggle for liberty and quote passages from Dickens, Thomas Hodgskin, William Morris and Shelley.

I must admit to mild amusement at noticing that one of them quotes two verses of Shelley's *Masque of Anarchy*, not revealing the fact that the moral of that poem is that if the workers only stand still with folded arms the capitalists will surrender. But the card I like best has a nice picture of frock-coated angels with wings and contains the following excellent extract from O. Henry's *An Unfinished Story*.

As I said before, I dreamed that I was standing near a crowd of prosperous-looking angels, and a policeman took me by the wing and asked if I belonged to them.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Why," said he, "they are the men who hired working-girls, and paid 'em five or six dollars a week to live on. Are you one of that bunch?"

"Not on your immortality," said I. "I'm only the fellow that set fire to an orphan asylum, and murdered a blind man for his pennies."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. David Peck.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

We believe that *Crockford* may now be reckoned amongst the National Institutions which have raised our country to the proud pre-eminence which it has long enjoyed and are believed to be at once the envy and despair of the rest of the civilised world.—From the Preface to Crockford's Clerical Directory for 1937.

French brains may well be apt to French purposes, but they are restricted by a continental habit of thought. These are little related to the breadth and flexibility of mind required for the preservation of the British Empire throughout the world.—Mr. J. L. Garvin in *Observer*.

NURSES' HOURS.

The House rejected the Bill by 122 to 111, and gave a second reading to the Quail Protection Bill.—*Evening Standard*.

Mr. Duncan is one of the most conscientious of M.P.s, for he is a keen sportsman, and his heart is often on the moors of his native Scotland when his body is perforce at Westminster.—*Observer*.

Councillor Kenyon said he did not pretend to be a strict Methodist, though he put Methodism into practice in business. A man with average intelligence who was a Methodist, and followed out its doctrines, could not help but succeed in business. It would be impossible for him to fail if he lived up to it.

One of his men was a particularly smart business man, and there was some competition between the various departments. When they thought he had gone a bit too far they would say: "He's been up to his Primitive Methodist tricks again." (Laughter).—*Reporter*, Ashton-under-Lyne.

Mr. Justice Langton (to the witness): Would you say that, in any sense, Mr. Bohrmann was eccentric?

Mr. Caesar: Yes, a little. I knew he was not interested in sport—football or golf. The latest rugger match was of no use to him whatever. He was an "indoor" man and, I suppose, unusual to that extent.—*Evening Standard*.

A witness said that he was sitting on the wall at the time waiting for an accident to happen when he saw Blowes come round the corner and crash into a bank. His companion who was following also crashed. P.C. Simmons said that usually a number of people were sitting on the bridge to see the accidents.—*Sunday Chronicle*.

Wanted, Boy with some knowledge of Fish and Poultry: one saved preferred; wages 10s.—Advert. in *Daily Telegraph*.

The unemployment dole has had the effect of making this country far too comfortable for too many people, and the continuous reinforcement of British peoples overseas has subsided in consequence. —S. W. Alexander in *Evening Standard*.

Mr. H. J. Hope Barton, ex-Master of Hounds and Squire of Saxby-All-Saints, does not want an electric supply for the 500 villagers and farm dwellers on his 3,000-acre estate.

Nor are they enthusiastic for such "improvements."

In three tiny villages people play, work and worship in the glow of oil lamps, as did their forefathers . . .

"The question of electricity in our homes is not the parish council's affair," the council clerk, Mr. W. Stark, told me. "We must accept the squire's decision.

Saxby Hall, ancient manor house and home of Mr. Hope Barton, has its private electricity plant.—*News Chronicle*.

BURGOS JUSTICE

ONE of the crucial differences between Franco's Spain and loyal Spain is that the former does not welcome the foreign investigator. Some English journalists have, it is true, been admitted to Franco's side, but as that stage Andalusian, Queipo de Llano, once said publicly: "Unless visitors are going to say everything is normal here, they are not wanted." And our ex-officer journalists have always toed the line. The normality of life in Franco's Spain has, in consequence, been assumed by a large part of the English public. An important and fully documented book which has just been published in Paris under the title *Doy Fe . . .* (*I Hereby Testify*) and written by Don Antonio Ruiz Vilaplana, a member of the judiciary in Burgos, is likely to weaken this illusion. Much political capital was made in papers like the *Times* and in English conservative quarters, of the Red Terror in Madrid and Barcelona, towns with a certain turbulent political tradition. Yet to peaceful, conservative, clerical Burgos, which had never known a time of political upheaval and was remote from the scenes of the war, the military brought a terror every bit as horrible as that which occurred in the two capitals. In this the soldiers were both advised and inspired by the priesthood; and a notorious Jesuit priest was, for example, responsible for drawing up lists of real or suspected Freemasons. And everyone knows the significance of such lists. The author of *Doy Fe . . .* gives chapter and verse for these official atrocities, because it was his job to go to patches of waste ground, lonely huts, woods and hillsides around the city to make official record of what he found there. He did this every day for months. Such places as the pretty little wood by the Cartuja, which many a visitor must have passed on his way to the prim and gentle Carthusian Fathers, have seen horrible vigils. One of the favourite devices of the military was to make Señor Vilaplana sign the papers for the liberation of prisoners—so that they might be taken out of the safety of prison and shot by the dozen. In one small place 600 men were massacred.

Granted that terrible things have been done by both sides, my Conservative friends say, isn't life still nearer normal on Franco's side than on the other? Quietly, almost pedantically, the author of *Doy Fe . . .* shows that, under what may seem normal to the visiting journalist who knows no Spanish and who meets chiefly soldiers, there exists, on the contrary, complete anarchy. The country is living under a purely military terror. The rights of property are in continual jeopardy, at least in the province of Burgos. You hint that your opponent in law, the landowners you dislike, your business competitors, have Left-wing sympathies, are Freemasons, not strict Catholics, or merely indifferent, and you take the law into your own hands and appropriate what property you want. The confiscations which have taken place in the territory of the Valencia Government can be exactly paralleled in the province of Burgos.

Señor Vilaplana had no political leanings when he took up his job as Commissioner of Justice in Burgos six months before the rising. He stayed till six months ago, when he could bear his daily contact with dead bodies and social collapse no longer. His analysis of the political forces behind Franco is very valuable. Non-political people, especially in the working-class, deprived by the military of legal protection for life and property, fled into the Falange, which, he says, has cleaner hands than any other party on the Franco side. He also holds that German intervention in Spain has

been far more important than Italian, and the Germans have kept much quieter about it. It is satisfactory to hear that Mr. Horsfall-Carter is at work upon an English translation of this book for Messrs. Constable.

THE DESTRUCTION OF GEORGIAN LONDON

THOUGH the public—not just the intelligentsia—is stirring at last, the parasites still hold revel before the dawn. It is the nature of these creatures, these landlords, speculators, house-breakers, contractors and architects who have ruined the British capital, to work in the dark. The transactions by which they live compel it, whether they care or not. Individually they may care. But many of them are not individuals. They are corporations or trustees or companies and firms, whose deals are done in private, sometimes for commercial reasons, generally because neither law nor decency obliges them to declare their intentions beforehand. As a rule, therefore, when the deal leaks out, it is too late for public opinion to take effect. Indeed there have been cases when the mystery was never pierced at all, and a national monument has vanished as inexplicably as the Marie Céleste. Who put up the money to buy the Adelphi from its original owner, for instance, and made the first profit on it? I know, but I offer five pounds to any one who can get me proof enough to publish the fact. And this was a building whose sale was actually dependent on a special Act of Parliament, for which Members had to be canvassed.

That public opinion is uneasy may be deduced from the support already received, in the first six months of its existence, by the Georgian Group of the S.P.A.B., which was founded to keep guard over classical buildings, or at least to give the public notice of their impending destruction. But the difficulty is that though disturbed, opinion is not yet aroused to the point of demanding legal protection for the national architecture, and that though this point may be reached in time to save the country and the provincial towns from complete denudation, in London salvation is a matter, not of years, but of months and days. Put in plain terms, the question people must ask themselves is this: Shall the capital of England continue to exhibit any visible traces of the English past and the English genius, or shall it not? There is no other issue. The principles of property and profit are mere red herrings, as the French discovered a long time ago—and no one can accuse the French of indifference to property. Either the question must be answered now, in terms which Parliament cannot disregard, or it will be answered by the parasites in the opposite sense. And if that happens, as it threatens to happen within the next year or two, this generation of Englishmen will receive small thanks from its descendants or from its cousins over the water. Let it make no mistake about that. It will be branded. We were always a nation of shopkeepers; but we did not use to be, consciously, a nation of usurious vandals.

Those who are still resolved to defend the last relics of civilised London have to deal with two classes of monument. One is the isolated building, a work of art in itself. The other is the architectural ensemble, the square or street, whose units, though not unique when taken separately, form a unique setting. It is impossible to recapitulate here the battles and ambushes which the parasites have sprung on London during the last twenty years, to lament their victories or to celebrate their rare defeats. A glance at their present day-to-day tactics must suffice instead. If such is the situation in a single month, it is easy to imagine their triumphs in a year.

There are three single monuments to be considered at this moment—the Pantheon, Nos. 6 and 7 Old Palace Yard, and Norfolk House. The Pantheon is doomed—though Messrs. Marks and Spencer have offered to number the pieces of the façade and to contribute £200 towards its re-erection, if any one wants it. Nos. 6 and 7 Old Palace Yard are that stone-fronted house next Westminster Abbey, whose demolition is to inaugurate the memorial to King George V. True, it is proposed to re-erect the façade of the house "exactly as it is now, so that it will form a background to the memorial" (*Times*, December 3rd). But to face which way? And as part of what, designed by whom? From the map in the *Times*, it looks as if it will simply be moved a few yards further back, to form the end of the new block in Abingdon Street. If Abingdon Street, pleasant as it is, were to be abolished altogether and the road straightened out along the side of an open space, there might be some point in the proposal. As it is, the scheme appears to be that of an extravagant lunatic who can find no better way of spending £100,000. I may misinterpret it. In that case, perhaps those nebulous officials who are trying to preserve the memory of the late king in this apparently extraordinary manner will vouchsafe more detailed information. More important still is Norfolk House, whose state rooms are among the masterpieces of London. Though there is a faint hope of saving them, there is none for the house as a whole, or for the vestiges of dignity still enjoyed by St. James's Square. But the circumstances of this particular transaction have still to be inquired into, before the odium is distributed among those responsible for its haste.

St. James's Square, Berkeley Square, Grosvenor Square and Portman Square have all been defaced beyond repair. But in Bloomsbury, where rents are less, some examples of a feature that was once the pride of London still remain intact. Naturally these are threatened—Bedford Square, the best of them, by the British Museum on one hand and the Duke of Bedford on the other; Brunswick Square by the University of London, which has already torn down a corner of it to make way for a Pharmaceutical School in the style of a Queen Anne rectory; and Mecklenburg Square by the Dominion Students Hall Trust, whose building, known as London House, was opened by Queen Mary last week. Fortunately this building is only a first instalment; £250,000 more must be collected before it can be completed and thereby impinge on the square. But the plans are laid, one side of the square already belongs to the Trust, and the potential subscribers to what is, except in its architectural aspect, a most worthy project, have as yet exhibited no signs of penitence or recantation. They think, quite rightly, of their students' amenities. They forget, or are too myopic to realise, that if London aspires to be the cultural centre of the Empire, it can best do so by preserving certain visible traces of culture.

Mecklenburg Square has only three sides. Thus if one goes, the square as an architectural whole will cease to exist. As such it is particularly worth preserving, because though the two lesser sides are plain, the main range of buildings between them is formally enriched with pillared bays. The style of the new building in the adjoining streets is a gruesome foretaste of the intended deformation. It was designed by Sir Herbert Baker, and other than this comment is hardly necessary, except to remark on his new whim of introducing flints into London architecture and on his sudden deviation from the horizontal towards the Guilford Street corner, an ineptitude which would damn an unknighted architect for the rest of his career. The elevation proposed for Mecklenburg Square has greater sobriety in itself, but is not more harmonious with its surroundings. All that can be said for it is that the line of its dormered mansard roof corresponds with the severe parapet of the adjacent side.

There are seven years in which to save this square, and if public opinion fails here it will have failed altogether. But for public opinion to succeed in this, as in other cases, it must be informed. Secrecy is the crime; on all hands, the public is ambushed into acquiescence. Till the remaining masterpieces of London architecture are legally scheduled for preservation, this condition will obtain. Nothing will be safe. Nothing can be safe, until the nation, as well as the landlord, is allowed shares in the national architecture. It is to this purpose, the purpose of legal protection, that the Georgian Group is working. Its address, for those who wish to join in this work, is 28 Cork Street, W.1. ROBERT BYRON

TALKING ABOUT DRINKING

DRINK, it must be admitted, fuddles the intelligence. And the most curious thing about it is that it seems to be equally fuddling to the intelligence whether you abstain from it or take too much of it. I do not mean that to be a teetotaller is in itself enough to destroy the reasoning faculties. Some of the brightest and clearest intellects have been, and are, those of water-drinkers. There are many people, however, who abstain from drink vehemently, excitedly, even angrily, and who can no more keep their thoughts off the bottle than the drunkard himself. Drink is to them what a personal Devil was to their grandfathers—a monster that goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. It is a thing unutterably evil—so evil that even to take it as a medicine is a sin. When I was a boy, I heard a clergyman in a sermon commending an old woman for refusing, during her last illness, to take the brandy that her doctor has prescribed for her. She said that, even if she knew that it would save her life, she would not commit this dreadful sin. For some reason, the clergyman saw in her conduct a resemblance to that of Christ on the cross.

We have lately seen an outbreak of this unreasoning hatred of liquor in the attacks on the B.B.C. for allowing references to drink in its programmes. When a "Wine" programme was announced for broadcasting, hundreds of letters immediately poured in protesting against giving publicity to the unclean thing. The protesters did not wait to hear the programme before denouncing it. It was enough for them that wine was the subject. To mention wine, except in the course of a temperance address, is to corrupt the young, to lure them into public-houses, and to hurry them into drunkards' graves. Other listeners have been counting the number of references to drink made during the week in B.B.C. talks and variety programmes. It appeared that during one week the number amounted to 116, and, during the next week to 180. And—horror of horrors!—the poisonous propaganda had even crept into the Children's Hour. I confess that, when I heard this, I thought the B.B.C. had been going too far and that Uncle Caractacus or his successor had been singing "Beer, Beer, Glorious Beer" to the shocked infantry of England. According to the *Listener*, however, the only drink propaganda that had been admitted into the Children's Hour was a reference to someone's "staying at an inn." Those who compile the statistics about references to drink by the B.B.C. seem to regard every mention of a hotel as a subtle advertisement of the liquor traffic. To be logical, they should boycott all newspapers which announce that such and such a banquet has been given at Claridge's or the Mayfair. If every mention of a hotel is a reference to drink, it is distressing to reflect on the thousands—possibly, tens of thousands—of references to drink that appear in the pages of the *Times* between the first of January and the thirty-first of December. Then there are the buses and trams. How many of them announce that they are going to, or passing, some public house such as the Nag's Head or the Angel! How undermining to the character of the young it must be to travel day after day on a bus that boasts that it is going to the Nag's Head! The critics of the B.B.C. should walk home rather than travel on such buses. I myself have heard a little girl on a tram asking for a ticket to the Britannia. At the time, I thought nothing of the matter, but, if I had had the insight of the critics of the B.B.C., I might have said to myself sadly: "There goes a predestined victim of Red Biddy."

It is not only the B.B.C., however, that has been getting into hot water—or, rather, hot whisky-and-water—with the anti-bottle party. Mr. Hugh Redwood, the Religious Editor of the *News-Chronicle*, has also been assailed for writing in a paper which accepts advertisements of, as he puts it, "something stronger than milk." Occasionally, it appears, his lay sermons are published on the same page as these advertisements, and, whenever this happens, a number of his readers write to him denouncing him as a hypocrite for writing for a paper which accepts such advertisements and calling on him, if he is an honest man, to resign. Now, if teetotallers of the vehement sort would reflect, they would say to themselves: "Drink is certainly the greatest evil that the Serpent introduced into Eden. How fortunate it is, then, that on the very same pages that advertise the poison there should be lay sermons to act as an antidote!" There is surely little use in preaching temperance in a temperance paper. If I were an advocate of teetotalism, I should like my propaganda to appear in some such paper as the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*. If I were permitted to do so, I should haunt public-houses rather than milk-bars with my tracts. Those teetotallers who are under the obsession of the bottle, however, would apparently refuse to allow any of their fellow-teetotallers to address any but a teetotal public. It does not, as people say, make sense.

I doubt whether any cause has even been more unreasonably advocated than the cause of temperance. And the reason of this is, I think, that most of the preachers of total abstinence have laboured under the illusion that drink is an absolute evil. They see drink merely in terms of wrecked homes and of women made miserable and children impoverished. That drink is, in one of its aspects, a destroyer, every one—even the drunkard—knows. The drunkard is one of the most selfish of men, and there is no more—or not very much more—to be said for him than for the fraudulent company-promoter or the lazy cook. But few drinkers are drunkards. I have known scores of drinkers who were never drunk in their lives or drunk, perhaps, only once by accident. If you go into an ordinary public-house, you will see a number of men drinking weak beer and most of them going out after the second extremely unintoxicating glass. Drinking is for the ordinary man the most innocent of occupations—much less harmful than novel-reading or thinking about the share-market. Its chief function is to produce that occasional relaxation which, doctors and psychologists assure us, is so necessary to health. Its chief danger is that, when we have tasted the joys of relaxation, we may go on relaxing to the point of semi-consciousness.

It seems to me, then, that, if the teetotallers were wise, they would concentrate either on providing us with alternative relaxations or on making our present relaxation as harmless as possible. As for the first, it is obvious that there are plenty of means of relaxation besides drinking beer or whisky. Teetotalism should not come as a blight on the world and contains wit, friendship, birds to listen to, and hills to look at. Yet the teetotallers have so far failed to invent a form of social life in which Mr. Pickwick, say, would feel at home. How dismal an affair is a teetotal banquet! If I were a teetotaller, I should try to organise a movement called Creative Teetotalism which would aim at making total abstinence something more than a negation and at making a world fit for teetotallers to live in.

As for making the relaxation of the drinkers harmless, the extreme teetotaller has seldom given a thought to it. He made it his object, not to improve the public-house, but to abolish it. He was not interested in Pure Beer Bills or on insisting that none but matured whisky should be sold to the public. He might have created an urban public house that was as pleasant and as innocent as a country inn. Believing, however, that drink was the very Devil he would take no hand in such things. He had his way in America for a time, and much to his surprise, the abolition of the Devil before very long produced Hell.

And now, clinging to the policy of negation, he had turned his abolitionist eye on the B.B.C. Do not let the children know (he suggests) that such things as inns exist, and all will be well. Forbid the music-hall comedians on the wireless to sing such songs as "Then We Had Another One," or "The Rickety-rackety Crew," and England will be appreciably soberer as a result. And no doubt, if he got his way with

the B.B.C., he would then turn his attention to literature and demand that all references to drink should be expunged from the works of the poets and novelists. We should have a temperance edition of Dickens in which Mr. Stiggins was greatly addicted to ginger ale and Silus Wegg "mellered the organ" with sips of milk. The amended *Treasure Island* would contain a teetotal pirate's song, with the refrain, "Yo ho ho and a bottle of sass." The grave-digger in *Hamlet* would send for a stoup of well-water, and Falstaff would drink jorums of buttermilk. The very Bible would have to be expurgated on the ground that it contains too frequent references to liquor and helps to advertise the trade; and much history would have to be re-written so that children would never guess that the great men of the past were not invariably teetotallers.

For, if it is wrong for the B.B.C. to mention drink, it must also be wrong for books to do so. Which, as most people will agree, does not make sense. Water, I always maintain, is the best of all drinks, but it should not be allowed to go to the brain.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

ABYSSINIAN REFUGEES

SIR,—It is surely unnecessary to answer Mr. Balfour's questions concerning the origins, occupations or racial ancestry of the Abyssinian refugees in Kenya. He would not himself deny that a definition of "the danger of their repatriation" lies in the two very disagreeable alternatives of death or becoming an Italian subject.

PETER RENNELL RODD

Savile Club, 69 Brook Street, W.1.

SIR,—Mr. Patrick Balfour asked five questions in his letter which appeared in your issue of December 4th. Although he asks for more precise detail than is at present available in this country, it is possible to throw some light on all the points which he raised.

We believe the number of Abyssinian refugees now in Kenya to be correctly stated at about 8,000. The majority crossed the border during July and August, 1937. They were preceded in May of that year by some 400 under the former Governor of Maji. When the Abyssinian armies broke up, which they did at various dates, some of the soldiers submitted, while others preferred to become fugitives rather than to submit. It is these men who, with their dependents both male and female, make up the bulk, if not the total number, of the refugees. They cannot with any justice be called deserters. Since Ras Desta was operating in the South, many of the Kenya refugees came from his army. Ras Imeru's forces were in the West when they gave up the struggle, and they, too, contributed to the refugees.

As far as we can ascertain, the refugee movement was not the result of, or swollen by, any tribal migration by either nomadic or subject races. Amharas, Gallas and other types of Abyssinian subjects fought for the Emperor and are, we believe, represented among the refugees, who, incidentally, include some 300 orphan children. The officers responsible for their care have been too fully occupied in feeding them, coping with a small-pox epidemic and getting them under shelter before the onset of the rains, to devote much time to statistical analysis.

No doubt there are lawless men among them, as there have been in every army since war began. Many more, drifting southward with no supply organisation and no money, have without doubt lived on the country; but if the question raised by Mr. Balfour as to the presence of bandits among the refugees is taken by anyone to imply that the movement is one of bad characters seeking refuge from civil justice, the answer to that implication is a flat negative.

Lastly, these people are quite definitely refugees who have claimed the right of asylum. They came uninvited and are most unwelcome guests, for they put a heavy strain on the resources of the Colony. There is no question as to the reality of the terror which drove most of them to leave their highlands for the journey across the fearful lava wastes of the Rudolf litoral, a journey during which they suffered appallingly from starvation, fever, small-pox and, above all, dysentery. There ought to be no question of forcing their repatriation.

Meanwhile their problem has to be faced. The Abyssinian Refugees Relief Fund, which is completely divorced from all political or racial considerations, has been struggling against odds during the past year to minimise their inevitable suffering in the various countries in which they have sought asylum. So far it has been able to send out for this purpose £3,350, of which £1,250 has been allotted to Kenya, where it is being administered by the officials in charge of the refugees. Compared with the suffering, this sum is the merest bagatelle. If people, regardless of politics, would try to visualise the plight of these unhappy Africans, we feel sure that help would soon be forthcoming to make our efforts more commensurate with the great and urgent need.

5 Crossfield Road,
London, N.W.3.

HAZEL M. NAPIER,
Honorary Secretary,
Abyssinian Refugees Relief Fund

PRICES AND WAGES

SIR,—It is perhaps pedantic to criticise your use of the word "largely" in the phrase "the advantages in real wages secured during the depression have been largely wiped out" (NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Dec. 4th, p. 907), but I think that there is a tendency to exaggerate the recent rise in prices in relation to wages.

The following are the official Cost of Living Index Numbers and the Index of Wage Rates compiled by the London and Cambridge Economic Service:

	INDEX NUMBERS.		
November.	Cost of Living.	Wage Rates.	Quotient × 100.
1924	100	100	100
1929	93	99	106
1933	79	94	119
1934	80	94¼	118
1935	82	95¾	117
1936	84	98	117
1937	89	102¼	115

In each column the number in November, 1924, has been equated to 100.

The third column gives an indication of the movement of real wages, subject to the well-known limitations of the validity of the cost of living index. There is, however, no *general* evidence that shows that a more complete index would show a different movement.

There is evidence that average earnings have increased more rapidly than average wage rates, owing to less broken employment, overtime and other results of active production.

The rise in wages, of course, does not affect any argument about the adequacy of insurance or relief scales.

Marley Hill, Marley Lane,
Haslemere, Surrey.

A. L. BOWLEY

THE CRITICS OF THE POPULATION BILL

SIR,—The difference between Mr. Herbert and his friends and their critics seems to come down to this. Mr. Herbert thinks that when questions are to be asked by a Government department with the power of compulsion behind it, the distinction between questions that are necessary and those that are unnecessary is important. His critics say that no harm is done if when engaged in a serious inquiry you throw in a lot of questions that serve no immediate purpose and take power to ask a great many more. But there is a large world of people which finds answering questions unpleasant and even alarming. These people are represented by Members of Parliament, not by Government Departments. Surely, then, it is the duty of a Member of Parliament to look carefully at the details of a Bill like this and to consider which questions are necessary for the Government's purpose and which are open to objection on one ground or another. If this duty is neglected two things happen. A lot of discomfort is caused for no good purpose and by what is an abuse of power the business of eliciting information is discredited and made more difficult.

J. L. HAMMOND

SIR,—Critic in his London Diary in your issue of December 4th, remarks that the suggestion that Birth Certificates should include the date of the parents marriage seems harmless to him.

In view of the fact that the records of an Ante-Natal Clinic I am interested in show that about 30 per cent. of marriages take place after conception, I suggest this practice might not seem harmless to parents who feel that their pre-marital relationships are no concern of their children born in wedlock. ALMONER

THE FILMS BILL

SIR,—It was distressing to a regular reader to find THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION giving its blessing to the least substantial of the arguments against the separate quota scheme for films. To quote your paragraph: "the effect (of the scheme) would be to . . . force American renters to spend over a million a year in buying British films which would have practically no chance of being sold or shown." Sympathy must have filled many a reader at the poor prospect for the American renters should the Separate Quota scheme be adopted. Not only would we be giving them no more than £8,000,000 a year in film rentals, but would be actually forcing them to leave £1,000,000 of even that behind them in this country.

It is true that the American renter, under the scheme, would not have the advantage of a statutory demand for the quota films he had to make. But it is a queer compliment to him to suggest that he would consequently be unable to sell them at all. He has been able, for quite a long time, to sell his American films here—not unsuccessfully. Does THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION really believe it to be beyond his capacity to sell with equal success British films merely because he has made them himself?

But, you say, he was able to sell his American films solely on their merit as entertainment. True; and very considerable merit it has usually been. The Separate Quota scheme merely asks him to make and sell his renters' quota pictures on the same basis.

This, of course, would make the supplying of English films for exhibitors' quota a protected field for the English producer.

But the object of protection is to protect *somebody*. The 1927 Quota Act, in operation, though not in intention, protected the American renter from the responsibility of making good British films—a humiliating fact that no one knows better than my fellow film technicians. The Separate Quota scheme starts from the premise that it is certainly the British producer and the British technician (whoever else) who should be protected under the new Act; and suggests the best possible method of doing so.

13 Albert Road, SIDNEY COLE
Regent's Park, N.W.

[Admittedly the Separate Quota Scheme would give the English producer a protected field, but the objection is that it would (1) perpetuate the "quota quickie" and (2) invite a film war with the United States—a market to which British films must win entry if the British industry is to grow to worth-while dimensions. And as regards (1), the British audience has surely the right to some "protection," too?—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

ROADS AND MOTORISTS

SIR,—Mr. Bowman should endeavour to be more careful in concealing his motoring propaganda under the usual cloak of impartiality and benevolence. I will wager that he drives a car of at least fifteen horse-power. His statement that every passenger in a bus is a direct motor-user cuts very little ice, for I cannot imagine the average country bus being popular on the hoped for motorways. And why does he try to strengthen a weak case by dragging in "all sections of the community." This savours of the *Daily Mail* telling its force-fed readers what they should think and want, rather than of the comparative enlightenment of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

Let us assume that a desire to reduce road deaths is the force that primarily motivates Mr. Bowman's article. The U.S.A. have one of the best engineered road systems in the world. What is the result? Speeds of ninety miles per hour are quite commonplace and fifty thousand people are slaughtered annually. If, instead of ninety, a maximum speed of thirty were all that could be attained, half these unfortunates would probably be alive today. In spite of all her "Autobahnen" Germany still manages to kill as many of her nationals as we do, with half the number of cars. Again, our own experiments in motor-road construction, limited it is true, have not been particularly encouraging. Ten years back the new and expensive Kingston By-pass was being hailed as the "Shape of Things to Come." Now, having been the scene of many a fatal encounter, it is obsolete and in process of being renovated. In that decade commercial speeds have been more than doubled. In the next ten years? Shall we design our motorways for eighty miles per hour, or one hundred and sixty? Pedestrians do not require these roads, nor do those unfortunates who are compelled to use the slow-moving public vehicles (which, though they will get faster, are bound always to lag behind the private car). Cyclists, being fatalists, have no reason to be interested, so we come down to a small minority who want speedways for their own selfish ends.

Mr. Bowman suggests that 2,000 miles of new roads should be built in the next ten years at a cost of £100 millions. Looking ahead a decade or so (in the best NEW STATESMAN AND NATION tradition), we find that an inevitable increase in speeds has rendered them obsolescent. He points out that we will have two courses open to us. To build better and more expensive roads or renovate the old ones, an even more costly process, we are assured. If the former policy is adopted we shall be known as a nation of road-builders before the turn of the century; moreover, the Ministry of Transport will easily outstrip the speculative builder in the race to ruin our countryside. A minor matter, it is true, when the right to speed of the rather objectionable few is being threatened. In any event, that initial £100 millions must soon reach interstellar figures.

Lastly, it is indeed strange to find THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION virtually intimating that a luxury tax paid by a small class should be almost wholly returned in kind, as it were, to benefit that class alone. Next we shall have the whisky-drinkers agitating that the 300 per cent. tax imposed upon them should be spent in research in order to improve the taste of the stuff. And what will the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force do then, poor things? However, I expect Mr. Bowman knows as well as I do why road accidents occur. If he does *not*, then let him stand at eleven o'clock on a summer's day by the side of the Brighton road when ninety per cent. of the traffic is going in one direction. Brooklands isn't in it. S. L. TURNER

74 Stuart Road, Wimbledon Park, S.W.19.

THE IMPROVERS

SIR,—With certain inner qualms we offer a reply to Y. Y. in his new role of obscurantist. He doesn't like the idea of abolishing coal fires because he isn't at all sure they really cause fog (what a power is sentiment!) and because "stoves," and gas or electric fires, are mechanical, utilitarian, negative, and more in the same vein.

Briefly, then. Smoke doesn't cause mist, but it causes and constitutes the difference between mist and city fog. The dirt, waste, and disease which result from that difference can be attested by a mass of objective fact which no one has ever controverted. Let us spare the details, and concentrate on one thing: at the present time, for every hundred hours of winter sunshine at Kew, Central London gets fifty. There is only one difference—smoke.

Secondly, let us all agree with Y. Y. that in the present condition of the British temperament, few are likely to behave romantically before a closed stove; while fuels-on-tap do their most appreciated work for off-and-on purposes. And Y. Y. is right to think that "it ought not to be beyond the skill of the inventors to devise a method of smoke-consumption that would enable us to burn coal in our grates without injuring our neighbours." It ought not to be, and it isn't. The inventors found out some time ago how to take the smoke out of coal, put it to excellent use, and supply the residue to Y. Y., on whose hearth it can blaze and glow, tempting him to most satisfying feats with shovel and poker. He need make no sacrifices of his own or his neighbour's health and money on the altar of sentiment. He can have it both ways. He can, Sir, in short both eat his coke and have it. S. C. LESLIE,

The Gas Light and Coke Company, Publicity Manager
Horseferry Road, S.W.1.

THE INTERNATIONAL BRIGADE

SIR,—The approach of Christmas brings with it two new tasks, which my Committee feel must be undertaken.

1. We want to prove to the men in the British Battalion of the International Brigade, both in the front line and in the hospitals, that at this season our thoughts are more than ever with them, This is true, not only of their loved ones at home, but of those,

who, whilst sitting by the warmth of their own firesides, appreciate perhaps more than ever as the fight against Fascist aggression in Spain goes on, the debt we owe to these heroic men, fighting side by side with the Spanish people.

My Committee has, therefore, undertaken to send a special present of cigarettes, chocolate, and other little luxuries, to every member of the British Battalion in Spain.

2. The mothers, wives, and children of these men will inevitably pass an anxious Christmas. They will miss them more than ever at this season. We want at least to see that owing to their absence the children will not lack those little presents to which they have the right to look forward. We want to help their mothers, having to manage in most cases on meagre or reduced budgets, to fill their stockings nevertheless.

We cannot possibly run to this extra expense on our regular weekly income, which must be reserved for meeting the most urgent necessities. For this reason we have started a special Christmas Fund, and we feel that we shall not appeal in vain to your readers to contribute to it, in the certainty that every gift will bring to the members of the Battalion and their children not only happiness, but reassurance and encouragement to them in their struggle and their privations.

International Brigade,
1 Litchfield Street,
London, W.C.2.

CHARLOTTE HALDANE,
Hon. Secretary,
Dependants and Wounded
Aid Committee.

Miscellany

TRAILING CLOUDS

(Anecdotes of Childhood)

THEY found him squatting in the middle of the nursery, explaining to the window cleaner that the tree by the rosebush wasn't an apple.

"It's a russet," he was insisting, when the door opened.

"Come off that po," said Louisa, shaking him. "Do you think you can sit there all day?"

He ran into the drawing-room, where visitors were sitting round like statues.

"I've dropped my ladybird," he said uneasily.

His mother kissed him and smoothed his hair. "Why not go and find it, poppet?"

And although till that moment ladybirds had been the last thought in his mind, he went to find one.

"The sun's coming out, sir," cried Louisa.

Everyone hurried into the garden.

Grandpa tugged at his beard, hummed, scanned the clouds, then brought his heels together and, over a camera, bowed to the little group in front. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred were smiling, the two children looked stolidly.

A door seemed to open and the sun shone. Click! The door closed.

Mr. Alfred: "Just in time."

Mrs. Alfred: "They should look well in their silk jerseys and Russian caps."

Louisa: "And dinner's ready."

Grandpa said "Ah," and they moved away.

The children stood where they were, hand in hand, wondering what it could be that was now all over.

Mr. Alfred was back from a visit to France. "Gautier," he said, "is the French for Walter, we'll call him Gautier."

Walter looked doubtful: where would it lead?

"Goat," said his brother. "Goat, goat . . ."

"Shut up, you—podge."

Mr. Alfred: "Goat."

It was settled.

"Besides," added Mrs. Alfred, "you have a Cousin Walter and an Uncle Walter already."

Other things besides names ran in the family. Even the "cow's lick" which made him brush his hair on the right side instead of the left was shared by another Walter.

The Goat: "I wonder if there are wolves on the Heath."

Louisa: "Oh, I dare say."

The squeak of the swing next door interrupted the Goat's "weeding"; he was busy hiding the convolvulus in the rose-bed; with its wiry tendrils and flowers which seemed to have just snapped open, it was his favourite plant.

He peered through a slot in the fence and saw a small pretty boy swinging with pointed toes and floating arms. He picked up an acorn and threw it at him.

The little boy looked surprised as though it had dropped from an invisible oak. The Goat flung a handful and ran. "I saw you," said his mother from the window.

Of the neighbours he liked Mrs. Copus best. The old lady, a widow in shabby black, had rather the look of a sheep and always appeared surprised when she had opened her gate and walked through it. She passed the Alfreds' house nodding her head.

Mr. Alfred: "Good morning, Mrs. Copus."

Mrs. Copus: "What?"

Mr. Alfred: "Good morning, good morning."

Mrs. Copus: "Oh yes. Good morning."

That night Mr. Alfred said: "Mrs. Copus, I'm afraid, is getting very deaf."

The Goat found she was one of the few people he could talk to. She had a chow and, poor lady, she seemed almost as much afraid of it as he was.

On his birthday Mrs. Copus gave him a butterfly net. He began a collection. Several cabbage whites, a tortoiseshell, a little butterfly like a violet, a moth or two, even an earwig, were carried in a jar to the bathroom, dosed with ammonia and pinned on a board.

Before going down to tea, the Goat decided to take a last peep at his collection; all the insects had revived and mounted on pins were quietly rowing the air.

The gong sounded. Trembling, he thrust them into the darkest corner of the cupboard and stumbled downstairs to gorge on sandwiches, maize scones and cakes, driven by the memory of that insect Golgotha.

He encouraged Mrs. Copus's dog to bite its tail (a habit it had), in the hope perhaps that it would end by curling up like a whiting.

The Goat: "I like winter best, it's easier to draw."

He was scribbling a landscape: a daisy for the sun, two leg-of-mutton hills with a river between, willows like spiders impaled on matchsticks.

Papa, bending over: "You haven't put in any birds."

The Goat: "How? Show me."

Mr. Alfred drew neatly a number of spread V's at different angles.

The Goat: "Why, they're just like birds!"

Mr. Alfred: "It's easy, you do it like—that." With a flourish he added another V.

The bathroom lamp had a dark circle in the haze, water dribbled down the tile-patterned wall. The Goat lay in the bath, staring at his toes, at his navel, at the strange flower between. Louisa sat by reading the morning paper.

From time to time she would sniff and look down. "In two minutes I'll start soaping you."

What was to be done in those two minutes? On nights when the wind whistled through the ventilator he raised his toe to the draught; when the moon split its light over the frosted window he stared at that.

Nothing to do! Holding his nose he sank slowly back in the water until he was quite submerged. There he stayed. Louisa kicked her chair over and brought him up choking. At first he was sick. When he could speak he said: "If I'd been able to hold my nose, it would have been all right."

G. W. STONIER

THE OLD CARTHUSIAN

A British lawyer and an old Carthusian . . . seized a paper flag from a Japanese spectator and broke the stick across his knee.—Daily papers, Dec. 3rd.

THREE things fell on the Shanghai Road
As the Japanese troops marched through—
A body, hurled from a fearful height,
A bomb that sputtered and burst outright,
And a flag that in scorn of the conqueror's might
A Briton had snapped in two.

Japan's victorious troops tramped by,
To show Shanghai was won,
With China's doom in their measured tread,
Which even the foreigners heard with dread,
But an Old Carthusian there saw red
At the flag of the Rising Sun.

The Nine-Power-Conference kowtow'd,
The western world lost face,
And England feared to affront Japan
With half-way sanctions or token ban;
But somewhere an Old Carthusian
Gave proof of his Island Race.

Was he mown down on the Shanghai Road
As the Japanese troops let fly?
A thousand weapons above him waved,
A maddened multitude round him raved,
But he turned and ran and was jugged and saved—
Complete with the Old School Tie.

* * *

Three things fell on the Shanghai Road,
Where spellbound thousands stood,
And round the world the news was flashed;
A bomb exploded, a suicide crashed
And a Japanese flag to the earth was dashed—
Carthusian Boy Makes Good!

SAGITTARIUS

THE MOVIES

"100 Men and a Girl." At the Leicester Square.
"The Singing Marine." At the New Gallery (from Sunday).
"The Last Gangster." At the Ritz.

USELESS to pretend that I am tough enough to resist the blandishments of Miss Deanna Durbin. The candid eyes, the parted lips, the electric energy, the astonishing voice: if they bowl over fifty million or so, surely a critic may be pardoned for wobbling a little on his professionally cynical base. Fifty million papas and mammas idolise in her their dream daughter; the critic must attempt a more rational explanation of her success—a success that looks like exceeding even that of Grace Moore. "The Girl of a Thousand Charms," sing the lyrical lights of Leicester Square; what are they? Item, a reasonably pretty person; item, considerable technical ability in the art of acting; item, a pleasant speaking voice; item, a singing voice of which more anon; item, inexhaustible oceans of tomboy vitality. They add up to a very respectable total indeed; more than enough to pilot us enjoyably through 100 *Men and a Girl*. Miss Durbin is the daughter of Mr. Adolphe Menjou, an unemployed trombonist; she gets one of those vapid Society women in whom Miss Alice Brady so deliciously specialises to sponsor for the Radio an orchestra of 100 jobless musicians. On the eve of their appearance, Miss Brady goes off to Europe; Miss Durbin despairs, but not for long; soon she is clamorously in pursuit of the celebrated conductor Leopold Stokowski. Of course he cannot escape her, for she is everywhere: crawling past the door-keeper, haranguing the elegant *maestro* from the stalls, singing Mozart at him from the gallery, finally introducing her entire band into his extremely shiny front hall, where they play a Hungarian Rhapsody so brilliantly that he cannot resist conducting them after all. A pure fairy tale, but it comes off. A word about Miss Durbin's voice; if the sound-track and her official age (15) are both to be believed, she possesses a high lyric soprano of a natural beauty and flexibility extraordinary in so young a girl. I only hope that she and her guardians will see to it that it receives really efficient schooling; otherwise she will carol her way triumphantly through half a dozen movies, make a few dubious appearances at the Metropolitan, and vanish into oblivion before she is thirty, rich perhaps but with nothing left but the shreds and tatters of a potentially great voice.

The Singing Marine is another musical, only just kept alive by Dick Powell's effective singing of a few good tunes. The production numbers lack imagination, and the story is the usual one of the dumb, simple guy who achieves fame and as a result nearly forgets his old pals of the Marine. Nearly, but ah, not quite.

The Last Gangster reflects New Deal morality in a melodrama of embarrassing simplicity. By way of a pleasant change, the audience is invited not to admire, but to despise, the ruthless, conceited, sentimental, pseudo-Napoleonic lawbreaker; indeed, it is probably our sadistic rather than our moral instincts which are addressed by the spectacle of his sufferings in a convict settlement and at the hands of his old gang when he emerges therefrom. We watch him wandering across the country together with his long-lost son, in torrents of traditional melodramatic rain; and when at last the tough, apple-cheeked, blackberry-eyed Edward G. expires, still in the rain, and clutching the boy's Lincoln medal, we wish that this charming actor, would for once leave the bucket unhitched.

When I saw this film at the Empire, it was accompanied by an "Inspiration Film Production," No. 3 of a series called "Symphonies in Stone." Views of Salisbury Cathedral were projected against the background of a slushy, insipid commentary and music so ineptly chosen that we found ourselves, to our horror, contemplating the High Altar to the accompaniment of the Venusberg music from *Tannhäuser*.

PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Group Theatre

On Sunday the 5th the Group Theatre performed *Out of the Picture*, by Louis MacNeice, at the Westminster, and on Sunday the 12th they will repeat the performance. As Mr. Rupert Doone said in his speech it was an extremely difficult play to produce. It is also an extremely difficult play to see. Its badness is important for there are several conclusions to be drawn from it. Modern poetic dramas, one must remember, have nearly all been failures. I know of only two recent successes, *Murder in the Cathedral* and *The Ascent of F6*. Neither of these was a first play, Eliot's being the fruit of a mature mind which had long been experimenting in the form, and Auden and Isherwood's the second result of a close collaboration between the most able and prolific of younger poets and the most disciplined and observant of younger novelists. After them it is Mr. MacNeice's turn to harness the chariot of the sun.

For a poet to hear his own verse declaimed by good actors to an appreciative audience is essentially a luxury, and like all luxuries it is expensive. The expense is one of hard work and patience in imparting to the poetic drama that quality of construction which is absolutely necessary to the success of any play. Without this dramatic sense one cannot expect one's poetical gifts to be honoured in this way more than once.

Mr. MacNeice is a poet with a charming lyrical gift, fastidious and sincere, but he is no more equipped to write a play than a travel book. The result is a pathetic charade, pathetic because it is not funny when it is meant to be funny, nor convincing when it is meant to be serious, and a charade because it consists of a series of disjointed scenes which exhibit that hall-mark of the charade—the actors enjoying themselves more than the audience. Each scene had in common with the others only something of the

unreal and interminable. The impoverished artist and his Irish charwoman, the crook psycho-analyst and his rich female patient, the Elder Statesman in his corpse-strewn flat greeting the Next War—these are hackneyed relationships at any time, but since *F6* and the *Dog Beneath the Skin* the Radio announcers, the soulless film-star, the long poetical catalogues delivered at the audience in a clipped and asexual minatory way, are hackneyed, too. One cannot help feeling that Mr. MacNeice has not taken very much trouble. Other people have. Rupert Doone's production is probably the best he has done: the acting is good—that of John Glyn-Jones as announcer and Stuart Latham as listener-in is excellent. Their relationship incidentally provides the only genuine dramatic situation in the play, though the auction scene, till the end, had possibilities. Benjamin Britten's music was enchanting. It is clear that the Group Theatre is now a first-rate company, and when they get a good play they will walk away with it. But no one could overcome the lag of *Out of the Picture*—that second act with its poisonings and shootings, the apparition of Venus, and the destruction of London! If the next war is as embarrassing as that, one will have to look the other way. As it is, one must await *Trial of a Judge* and *On the Frontier* to be reassured that poetic drama is more than illustrious pot-boiling.

"The Lord of Burleigh," at Sadler's Wells

The Lord of Burleigh, an old ballet of Mr. Ashton's, to music by Mendelssohn, has been reconstructed by the same choreographer, with great gaiety and elegance, and the result is one of the Sadler's Wells Company's most felicitous entertainments, danced to admiration by Pearl Argyle, Margot Fonteyn, Ursula Moreton, and Robert Helpmann. Mr. Derek Hill, who has made the new decor, is, unless we mistake, a newcomer, but his work is eminently professional, and shows a stage-sense all too rare in English designers. Already this season the Wells Ballet has given us a brilliant set by Mr. McKnight Kauffer, and now Mr. Hill is an important discovery. His costumes are not Victorian pastiche; they are really beautiful inventions with a Victorian flavour. Each of them harmonises with the others, achieving a curiously rich concerted effect such as we very rarely see on the English stage. The scenery, gay in colour and romantic in feeling, is also pleasingly painter-like in texture. It is to be hoped that Mr. Derek Hill will quickly be secured to design sets for the Old Vic, where most of the recent decors have been sadly ineffective.

The Film Society

Last Sunday's Film Society programme made grim entertainment. The main film was composite, made by shuffling together an Italian and a Russian record of the Abyssinian war. The Italian film, called *The Path of the Heroes*, indicates the pride felt by Italian Imperialism in a campaign long conceived, well organised, successfully and crushingly carried through. It is an account of roads unrolled across impossible terrain, commisariat triumphing over deserts, of tidiness in looking after casualties and efficiency in terrorising and killing the blacks. The Russian film offers no such satisfaction. It shows the miserable condition of Abyssinia before the war, the brave but pitiably inept attempt at resistance, and the frightful results of scientific maiming and slaughter among the individuals of the defeated rabble. Italian Imperialism is unlucky in that its bombastic phase has come when reporting and communications are particularly good—British Imperialism, being more sophisticated, spares us ludicrously ghastly errors of taste such as enliven this Italian commentary. Even putting aside all questions of savage hordes and civilising missions, it is the Italian misfortune that we know their bombs were not dropped to frighten wild animals, their flame-throwers were not used to kill weeds, their poison gas was not directed against an outbreak of greenfly. Communications have made the world at large more conscious of the humanity of savage hordes. The ghastly scenes (in the Russian film) of the bombardment at Makale and Dessyl only add to an impression of brutality gained when, from inside an Italian cockpit, one sees the little figures scattering before bombs and machine-gun bullets. *The Path of the Heroes* is in itself most potent anti-Fascist propaganda. Shorter films shown included an amusing little thing by the G.P.O. film unit, and a would-be artistic travelogue advertising Dusseldorf.

Adrian Daintrey at the Leicester Galleries

Mr. Daintrey is distinguished by a complete freedom from amateurishness. He knows what he wants to do, and how to do it. He also has charm and sensibility; and if a person of taste wanted a portrait that was both a likeness and a work of art, no one would be more likely to provide this. The big monochrome composition, *The Picnic*, shows an intellectual grasp that Mr. Daintrey has not previously manifested. It is a remarkably sound and good piece of work, which ought to be in a public gallery. The skies in some of his landscapes are a touch too sweet, but *The Glade* and *The Avenue* can be recommended both for their observation and their appearance of spontaneity. The best portraits are of a little girl and of Mrs. Churchill—both brilliant and enchanting. Mr. Daintrey is evidently a modest painter, who does not go in for weight-lifting. He paints, we feel, because he likes painting, and because he likes looking at lovely landscapes and girls. This is a prodigious relief in an age when so many artists paint only to express their perfectly mediocre, if aggressive, personalities. His pictures invite the disapproval of the more puritanical type of critic, because they are eminently pleasing—a handicap which they share with the enormous majority of good paintings produced in all countries and centuries.

Wyndham Lewis at the Leicester Galleries

It is a compliment, as well as a truth, to say that Mr. Wyndham Lewis often writes like a painter. Unluckily, one is obliged to add that he often paints like a writer. To judge his new paintings from a plastic point of view would be unfair. Some of the drawings prove that he is a highly competent if rather rigid draughtsman, but the oil-paintings are most of them symbolical in their apparent intention. The colour is ugly, the line unrhythmical. Picasso recently has been using paint marvellously to express anguish and turmoil: Mr. Lewis seems inspired by similar aims, but his pictures do not speak for themselves. The symbolism employed is private, and what the artist is seeking to say (about the Siege of Barcelona, for instance) remains obscure. *The Departure of a Princess from Chaos*, again, leaves one uncertain of the emotion it is intended to excite. Mr. Lewis explains that the subject is a real Princess about whom he dreamt, but the face leaves us doubtful whether it is the Duke of Kent's wife or sister who haunts the painter's slumbers. The artist's intention has been to make works that "belong to the tragic art," but tragedy

EVERY MAN'S AIM CAN BE ACHIEVED

How often have you wished that you could save to provide yourself with a worth-while Income when you retire?
How often have you wished that you could make certain that this income would be payable to your wife if you left her a widow?

THE RETIREMENT INCOME & WIDOW'S INCOME POLICY

is the most comprehensive plan of personal and family income provision yet devised. It provides:

A Joint Income for life for both husband and wife from a selected retirement age.
An Income for the lifetime of the widow should the husband predecease her at any time.

Thus your aim can be achieved simply and without large outlay. Incomes of any amount in units of £50 per annum can be assured. If you will quote your own age and that of your wife an illustration will be furnished for your consideration. *An enquiry will cost you nothing and you incur no obligation in making it.*

LEGAL & GENERAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY LTD.

Head Office: 10 Fleet St., London, E.C.4.
Established 1836. *Assets* £40,000,000

is in its essence beautiful. *Oedipus* or *Othello* or *The Lady from the Sea*, if the beauty could be extracted from them, would dwindle into melodrama. Mr. Lewis's pictures are tragic only in the journalistic sense of the word—they are as tragic, that is to say, as the sudden death of a Member of the Cabinet. Moreover, when he paints a lady whom he describes as "a beautiful, smiling girl," the result is neither beautiful, smiling nor girlish. These paintings are mostly Expressionist, and Expressionism has been the most sterile of modern pictorial theories.

Alexander Calder, at the Mayor Gallery

An enchanting show! The nearest thing to a Calder mobile might be (in kind though not in quality) an abstract colour film by Len Lye, or a non-narrative ballet. Calder's "mobile" and appropriately Platonic decor for Satie's *Socrate*, produced in America, was indeed very like a ballet accompaniment, and stood somewhere between the abstractly expressive music and the descriptive words. In fact it was much nearer the music; for Calder gives us motion which like music can be pompous or frivolous, grave or jittery, in itself. There are jokes about shapes, their movements, and the astonishing situations that arise between them. The tiny black half-circle in No. 5 with its small mechanical movement is irresistibly funny, playing against the fat swaggering of the red and green shapes. If we should turn the red shape into the hip-conveyed "come-hither" of a Ukulele Lady, or see the Terborch "Gentleman" of the National Gallery in No. 13, now less a gentleman, to be sure, and slightly tipsy in spite of his sober black flounces, it might make it all more fun, but this was neither intended nor is it necessary. We anthropomorphise because Calder's things are alive, while so much abstract sculpture is stone dead of frostbite. Among the nicest pieces are plain wire objects. These, seen against a white wall, are rather like certain abstract drawings of Picasso, and might be used to explain the structure of some aberrated atom, only instead of one drawing you have an infinite number as they turn about on their strings. Calder's jewelry is as pretty as his mobiles—some of it too is "mobile"—and often more seriously lovely. If the lady of fashion has the wit to see it, she may find that pieces of human ingenuity make rather more distinguished ornaments than Cartier's portable currency. Calder's seemingly haphazard mobiles work by intricate systems of balance—it is not surprising to learn that he was once an engineer. Scratch art deep enough and you find mathematics. Calder's first London show is so gay, so bright, so unpretentious that we might be tempted to forget that we are looking at works of art and expect rather a sign above the doors saying "Toys for Christmas."

Royal College of Art Students' Group at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

This show of students' work is quite remarkable. The general effect is considerably more stimulating than that made by this year's London Group, for instance. The best paintings are free from all amateurishness, and even the weaker ones are without pretentiousness. The teachers of painting in this school deserve the warmest congratulations, for they do not impose their own styles on the students. The most accomplished pictures are by L. Appelbee, J. S. Ward, Frances Macdonald, Nicholas Horsfield, J. A. Spencer, James Cleaves, Gabrielle Clean and A. W. Hallett, all of whom promise to be seriously good painters. Some of the textiles also are excellent, and Miss Judy Jeffreys shows a great gift for photography. The pottery is mostly in too Chinese a style.—technically good but inexpressive and academic. Raymond G. Birch has a pretty talent for theatrical design, but is imprudent in the influences to which he has chosen to succumb. The sculpture is much inferior to the painting, though Miss Rhoda Lazarus and Mr. Pountney do their job well. Finally, the metal-work is ignominious. But for students of painting this must be as good a school as any in England.

The Tunbridge Club Ballet at the St. Pancras Hall.

For the past three years this working boys' club has devoted enormous energy and unusual talent to the creation of original ballets. It is difficult to imagine a more ambitious project, but the organisers have been amazingly successful in discovering and developing the boys' natural gift for dancing and miming. This year there was a slight tendency to aim at over-elaborate effects; but at least one of the larger ballets, *Everyman*, based on the morality play and the music by Bach, was satisfying both in conception and execution. For the most part, the dancing is wisely confined to a fairly simple style; but A. Little showed exceptional talent both technically and in his imaginative response to the music. The audience was delighted by a series of cheeky urchins amusingly mimed by L. Silvester, and responded warmly to the skill and enthusiasm which were everywhere visible.

WE can supply you personally with detailed information about any of these books which, among others on our current lists, are suitable for Christmas Gifts. (*All prices are net.*)

THE STORY OF ODYSSEUS

The *Odyssey* in the new "plain English" version by Dr. W. H. D. ROUSE. 7s. 6d.

THE BIG FELLOW

The dramatic biography of Michael Collins, by FRANK O'CONNOR. With a portrait. 10s. 6d.

KINGS AND THINGS

The new book by H. E. MARSHALL, author of *Our Island Story*. 8 colour plates. 5s.

ENGLISH COUNTIES / SCOTTISH COUNTIES

Two superb books of landscape photographs by J. DIXON-SCOTT. 3s. 6d. each.

BIRD BEHAVIOUR

F. B. KIRKMAN'S new book on the black-headed gull. 40 unique photographs. 7s. 6d.

NANSEN / LEONARDO THE INVENTOR

Two new illustrated biographies for boys and girls by LORNA LEWIS. "Horizon Books." 3s. 6d. each.

PLEASE send a card, mentioning any title in which you are interested, to the Publicity Dept.

NELSON, 35 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, December 10th—
"A Woman Killed with Kindness," Birkbeck College Literary Society production, College Theatre, 8.15. And on Dec. 11th.
Dr. Har Dayal on "Psychology and Christianity," Caxton Hall, 8.15.

SATURDAY, December 11th—
All-Chinese Variety Show, Phoenix Theatre, 8. Tickets from China Inst., 91 Gower Street.

SUNDAY, December 12th—
Joseph McCabe on "The Brave New World," Conway Hall, 11.
Five Films on Scientific Subjects, Academy Cinema, 2.30. Tickets from Assoc. of Scientific Workers.
Griller String Quartet, Conway Hall, 6.30.
C. E. M. Joad on "Collective Security and the League," Willoughby Hall, Hampstead, 8.
"The King's Breakfast," Savoy.
"Man at Liberty," Aldwych.

MONDAY, December 13th—
S.P.G.B. Meeting: "The Socialist Conception of History," 39 Doughty Street, 8.30.

TUESDAY, December 14th—
Lector Michael Hoffmann on "The International Youth College and Its Work," Friends House, 1.20.
Arnold Goldsbrough Concert, Queen Mary Hall, 8.30.

WEDNESDAY, December 15th—
Sir Norman Angell on "Christianity and International Relations," Fellowship House, 3.
A. S. Neill on "Education for Socialism," Conway Hall, 8.
The Liberal Ball, Mayfair Hotel, 9.30. Tickets 25s., from Liberal Social Council, 23 Gayfere Street.
"Room Service," Strand.

THURSDAY, December 16th—
National Council for Civil Liberties Dance. Supported by Mr. and Mrs. J. B. S. Haldane, Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Pritt, Gwen Frangçon-Davies. Suffolk Galleries. 8.30. Tickets 3s. single, 5s. double, from 320 Regent Street.

Overwhelming—but we liked it!

★ Last year the response to our Five Shilling Christmas Gift Subscription offer was overwhelming—but we liked it! We hope this year will beat last year's record. Here is our offer repeated.

★ For FIVE SHILLINGS we will post a copy of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to your friends at home or abroad for SIX MONTHS (26 issues). The only stipulation we make is that the recipients are not, so far as you know, already buying the paper.

★ Five Shillings is only one-third the usual rate, but we are willing to make this reduction of ten shillings for an initial gift subscription to your friends because we know that new readers introduced by present readers are most likely to continue on their own account.

★ In case anybody thinks this offer is a little hard on present readers, we point out that (1) the Gift Subscription only covers an initial period of six months, (2) we could not possibly afford to supply the paper to present readers on these terms, and (3) our offer is in place of other expenditure on circulation schemes.

★ These Five Shilling subscriptions may start from whatever date you wish, but in the absence of special instructions they will commence with our issue published on December 23rd.

★ To every recipient we will (unless we receive contrary instructions) send a postcard advising him or her that the paper is being sent under the instructions of the giver.

It is not necessary to cut out the form below if readers will state, when sending subscriptions, that they accept the conditions printed thereon.

To the Manager, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 *Great Turnstile, London, W.C.*1

Date.....

SIR,

I wish you to post THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION every week for the next six months to the names and addresses given below.

I am a reader of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and propose for the next six months at least to remain so, purchasing it for myself as hitherto.

To the best of my knowledge the persons named below are not regular readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

I enclose Five Shillings per subscription on the understanding that you will bear the remainder of the cost.

(Signature).....

(Address) .....

List of friends to whom THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is to be sent for six months commencing with the issue dated December 25th (or any other date specified).

Name	Address

Further names and addresses may be added on a separate sheet if desired. Please write clearly.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE writing of history bears a close analogy to the practice of accountancy. Each is the analysis of operations the practical results of which are known, and in each it is possible to carry the process to whatever stage of complexity may be thought useful. The first duty of an accountant is to see that the two sides of an account add up to the same figure, and he knows that if they fail to balance his work is unacceptable. Historians, however, are an unchartered body, and not amenable to the law; so we have historical studies which are brilliant but in which no care has been taken to add the results up to even approximately the known figure. Nor does the historian hesitate to introduce fresh items of his own, to make the total profit or loss he prefers. Macaulay's description of Laud's appearance, in his essay on Hampden, is an example:

> The mean forehead, the pinched features, the peering eyes, of the prelate, suit admirably with his disposition. They mark him out as a lower kind of Saint Dominic, differing from the fierce and gloomy enthusiast who founded the Inquisition, as we might imagine the familiar imp of a spiteful witch to differ from an archangel of darkness.

The latest historian on the royalist side adopts exactly the same methods in *King Charles and the Conspirators* (Secker and Warburg, 18*s*.). Here is Hampden:

> His portrait quite surprisingly fails to reveal the features of the liberty-loving statesman of popular tradition. The glance, though penetrating, is as suspicious as that of a fox, and the lips are pursed into the faint suggestion of a sneer. It is a countenance which at least confirms the estimate of his eulogist Macaulay, as a greater master of Parliamentary tactics than any man of his time. It is just that, and not much more; the supremely astute politician, the consummate wire puller, the man who would justify the working up of scare after scare on the state of religion by cynically remarking that if it were not for this reiterated cry they could never keep the people on their side.

He proves his sincerity by reproducing Hampden's portrait on the next page, so that one can compare the "foxy wire-puller" with Charles, Strafford, and Pym. The portraits of Buckingham and the dauntless Eliot reveal little but paint and canvas. Hampden's portrait and his reputation are exceedingly well known and to my eye they appear perfectly suited. It is a really intellectual face, with far more dignity and reserve than any of the others. Were I a historian I should hazard the guess that he was a melancholy man, and honest. Strafford looks like a beast of prey, which may be due to gout, and Pym like a jolly fellow. But are such judgments worth anything when we have the opinions of contemporaries?

* * *

In the case of Charles I, it would seem obvious that a king conducting his own government, whose subjects rose against him in open war, defeated him ingloriously upon the field, and executed him outside the windows of his banqueting hall, must have made a very great many fatal errors, and that whatever extenuations and excuses might be brought into the account, he must remain a very monument of incapacity. Judged by results from the point of view of royalists, Charles I was by far the worst king we have had and a life of him which omits to explain why tens of thousands of his subjects were ready to lay down their lives to get rid of him, is simply a balance sheet with the debit items left out. Since Mr. Wingfield-Stratford represents Charles as scrupulously honest, he has to represent the English people as fanatics, and their elected representatives as a ring of persecuting capitalists, conspiring against the laws of their country. He does not seem to realise that the English Bible had been the cause of an enormous spiritual awakening, stirring the conscience of the whole nation to self-questioning. He has no sympathy at all with the ferment of puritanism or even with protestantism. Yet our liberties are the fruit of it. A most admirable essay, *The Theory of Religious Liberty in England*, by T. Lyon (Cambridge, 7*s*. 6*d*.), shows the immense debt we owe to the Puritan sectaries. Mr. Lyon traces the rise of toleration with great learning. It is an essay which should be read by all young men who are inclined to adopt either of the persecuting faiths of to-day, for, as Mr. Lyon says:

> It becomes therefore of the greatest importance that in every generation the case for liberty and toleration should be stated afresh, because the logic by which it defends itself is more subtle than the theory of persecution and requires more judgment and intelligence in the reader.

* * *

Charles had intimate Catholic friends, married a Catholic, promised to bring up his children as Catholics, and authorised discussion of reunion with Rome. Can one wonder that he was anathema to all who were determined to be guided by conscience rather than by authority? The fact is that Mr. Wingfield-Stratford has a certain resemblance to his hero:

> Charles—and that is the secret of his tragedy—was doomed, from infancy, to see his own side of the case with extraordinary lucidity, but to see no other—not even to suspect that any other existed.

Charles never realised that if he made a bargain he would have to stick to it. This comes out most clearly in the excellent account of the negotiations for the Spanish marriage, in which Charles agreed to perfectly fantastic conditions which even the Spaniards must have known he could not carry out, and which he repudiated the moment he had left the country. The whole conception of the Prince of Wales marrying a Catholic was lunacy, as Charles' subsequent marriage was to show, but the Spanish project was rational compared with Charles's methods for bringing it about. Even Mr. Wingfield-Stratford writes:

> His manner of breaking off his engagement, and his calculated rudeness to his host who had entertained him so nobly, and to whom he had so recently vowed undying friendship, is hardly the sort of conduct one would have expected from a Prince and a gentleman.

The blame is put on Charles' intense loyalty to his friend Buckingham, whose career of unexampled folly is admirably described. It is equally easy to explain by weakness of character. Macaulay sums it up:

> He was bold in the wrong place, and timid in the wrong place.

After describing how Sir John Eliot was thrown into the Tower, where he died rather than submit to illegality, how Charles refused the dying man the change of air which would have saved him, and when he was dead, wrote a refusal on his young son's petition to be allowed to bury his father's body in his native Cornwall, Mr. Wingfield-Stratford writes:

> It was not like a gentleman and a Christian, which is as much as to say not like King Charles, to have penned these words.

The discrepancy crops up so often. The actual king persisted in being unlike the Charles "than whom a more scrupulous and honourable man never lived." The accounts given here of such causes of trouble as ship-money are inadequate, for the opposition was not merely of "a wealthy capitalist ring" of conspirators, but among all classes of Englishmen, throughout the country, who knew they could not trust the king not to ally himself with the Spaniards against their fellow-Protestants, the Dutch. Charles had in fact just made a secret treaty with Philip IV, which Mr. Wingfield-Stratford does not mention. He speaks of the Puritan opposition as "conveniently passing over the massacre at Ambonya (*sic*)." It was Cromwell, not Charles, who secured £300,000 compensation for the descendants of those who had suffered at Amboyna. He asserts also that ship-money was applied with scrupulous honesty to the purpose for which it was asked—a statement which is quite impossible of proof.

In his preface, Mr. Wingfield-Stratford deplores the fact that no reader of his book is likely to be impartial. But he is so out of sympathy with the spiritual ferment of the age that his account excites the emotions expressed by Macaulay.

> It is not easy to retrace the mortifications and humiliations which the tyrant now had to endure without a feeling of vindictive pleasure.

If we wish to know the truth about the characters of the men engaged it is perhaps best to believe what the Whigs say of the Puritans and what the Tories say of the royalists. Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's character of Laud redeems his whole book. It is safer to believe the good than the bad. DAVID GARNETT

PORTRAIT TOKENS THIS CHRISTMAS!

HUNDREDS OF ARTISTS

Painters Sculptors Draughtsmen Cartoonists and Photographers

have generously agreed to make a portrait and donate the fees to the Equipment Fund for the maintenance of the Artists' Ambulance which went to Spain last year. By having a portrait of yourself, your child or friend you will be helping to relieve suffering in Spain and at the same time getting (or giving as a Christmas present) something of permanent significance. You can spend as little as a guinea or as much as a hundred, but whatever you spend goes to Spain. A complete list of the artists and prices will be sent if you fill in the coupon below. All arrangements are made by the Association.

Here is James Friell's comic idea of the scheme and below are some of the Artists who are co-operating :—

Henry Moore
Mark Gertler
Ethel Walker
Viscount Hastings
James Fitton
Walter Goetz
Bernard Meninsky
Elsie Farleigh
Frederick Porter
James Boswell
James Holland
Stephen Bone
James Bateman, A.R.A.
Eric Gill
Maresco Pearce
Gabriel
Vanessa Bell
Jacob Epstein
Rupert Lee
Clare Leighton
Edward Woolf
Eric Ravilious
Gertrude Hermes
Pearl Binder
Edmond Kapp
William Coldstream
H. S. Williamson
George Scott
Duncan Grant
Ramsey & Muspratt
Photographers of Cambridge
Dorothy Lesty
Photographer
and many others

WILL MY CHANCE NEVER COME?
Sobbed Algy, weeping quietly into his glass.
My rich uncle invites all my measly relations down to see him but he never invites me- Yet I do all I can to get into his good books — Oh dear! let's have another one.
Aha what you need Algy is a new line on the old boy. Have you read the "Christmas Presents" line printed below
So Algy has a look below (and takes our advice)
Wasn't it thoughtful of my dear nephew to give me such a lovely present as this Mr. Dauber— ...having my portrait done by you!
1 WEEK LATER . . . ALGY IS INVITED DOWN TO STAY WITH HIS RICH UNCLE INDEFINITELY.
Yes and your Uncle is going to remember you in his will, if I may say so, Sir!

To the Secretary **ARTISTS' INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION**
20, CHALCOT CRESCENT, N.W.1

Please send me particulars of the CHRISTMAS PORTRAIT Scheme for Spanish Medical Aid.

Name .....

Address .....

Halfpenny Stamp.

NEW NOVELS

The Antagonists. By PAUL HERVEY FOX. *Michael Joseph.* 7s. 6d.

Children of Strangers. By LYLE SAXON. *Bodley Head.* 7s. 6d.

Pavements at Anderby. By WINIFRED HOLTBY. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

The Cleft Stick. By WALTER GREENWOOD, with drawings by ARTHUR WRAGG. *Selwyn and Blount.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Fox is a kind of compressed, less adroit, intenser Sinclair Lewis, which isn't at all a bad kind to be. This is his second novel, and it doesn't seem to have had quite the success, except in *The New York Times*, of *Sailor Town;* so, in the hopes of making more people read it, it may be as well to give something of the story. For such an amusing, sensibly written and believable story, it opens far too draggingly: Sheppard, who is an American college professor and an important mathematician, is quite unnecessarily bachelorish, absorbed and higgledy-piggledy. Nevertheless, the scientific part convinces, and one is not too surprised when he is asked to stay by a sort of greedy Einstein in Vermont. Here, with an excellent character called Mrs. Daly, Mr. Fox gets going; the Mrs. Dalys of fiction are seldom done so well. She is orderly, quiet, capable; she is handsome, thinnish-lipped, thirty-ish; she seems the embodiment of good-nature, good-sense, and health, particularly health. Yet she is interested in nothing at all but sex. Not Ritz sex, or Hemingway sex; neither acrobatic, nor tragic sex, but the thoroughly talented sex that would win all-round championships, if there were such things. She observes the shambling, childlike approaches of the middle-aged scientist with sober surprise. Her husband, hoping to get him to invest in "Irish Cosmetics"—"that one over there is *Dark Rosaleen Face Powder*, and the other, *St. Bridget's Astringent*"—is encouraging. His host, persuaded that Sheppard needs a nice change, is even more encouraging. Very soon, after having disgustedly tossed the husband more than half his savings, Sheppard finds himself, with Mrs. Daly, in Bermuda. At first he is happy, and then she begins her almost indetectable roving. There is a final row, and the next morning they are hanging about in their white, bright house, both having packed. The parting has been irrevocably decided on. Then, something in her tranquil, hygienic face makes him say:

"Why, then, nothing makes any difference to you! You would even go away with me right now!"

Mrs. Daly put down the folded blanket, "Well, I might," she said.

Sheppard had a vicious wish to strike her.

"Don't you like anyone?" he demanded.

"I like everybody," said Mrs. Daly, truthfully.

"I . . . I am going to my brother's farm in Maine," he said, at last. "Do you want to come with me?"

She did not appear startled by his offer, as if for some minutes she had been expecting something like it. But she rubbed her chin and regarded him thoughtfully.

"What do you want to do to me there?" she asked.

"I want to make love to you, of course," he said. . . .

Off they go to Maine, and Johnny, his weak, sponging younger brother, comes to live with them. Shortly, Mrs. Daly gets up to no good with Monk, a beefy young garage hand, and ex-pupil of Sheppard's. Three times the Professor descends on the filling station, and gets beaten up. Johnny (a magnificently presented character) steals a revolver with the intention of killing Monk, but he shoots a rabbit in the behind on his way, and has hysterics instead. When Sheppard visits Monk a fourth time, the latter becomes so uneasy that he runs away.

The book approaches its end with additional complications, and at a very pleasing tension and pace. Mrs. Daly elopes with Johnny (who has managed to arouse some fairly genuine maternal feelings), and she victoriously seduces Monk on her journey, just to keep in training. Sheppard finds out everything, and also finds out that he doesn't, or rather can't, care. In spite of no more money, and dwindling hopes of a scientific career. He hauls her back home in his square, dilapidated car, and these, for which Mr. Fox has my esteem, are among the concluding lines of the novel:

. . . . Catching a final breath, she cried: "How long is this going on? How long are you going to hang on to me like this?"

There was silence for a moment in the room in the lonely farmhouse. Sheppard said quietly: "Until I'm tired of you."

Let nobody imagine, from this inadequate description, that *The Antagonists* is "just nothing but sex, like *Rain*." It is an entirely adult, rather curious, and very anti-nonsense book.

If there is anyone who is frightened of the merciless approach of Santa Claustrophobia, or wants to do a little escaping anyway, *Children of Strangers* should help. It will help those most for whom warm America has constituted an habitual artificial paradise. In suggesting that this charming novel is for escapists, I don't mean to imply that Mr. Saxon has written with anything but accuracy and sincerity about the dying, once slave-owning, mulatto aristocracy of pre-world-war Louisiana. I simply mean that, for many, his background is an old temptation, and that the touch of sentimentality which he has given his figures allows this background to dominate. One's eye constantly wanders from the portrait to the landscape. And the landscape, as one crouches about in these December mists, seems painfully desirable. It was, and to some extent still is, the half-French, half-tropical country of sultry rivers, spotted turbans, and cotton. There is the long moss trailing in the water, the catalpa, the china tree, the magnolia and the jasmine. The language is full of delicious French *patois; lagniappe, tignon, bagasse*. There is molasses and gumbo, corn bread and corn whiskey. Before quoting what appears to me to be as agreeable a scene as Mr. Saxon describes, it should be explained that *Fais-do-do* is the local name for a dance, and it means "Go to Sleep."

They were nearly home when they heard the clear note of a horn from the river. The girl dropped her bundles and ran through the house to look out at the back door. In the sunlit river a man with a wide straw hat was rowing a skiff, each dip of the oar sending out scores of shiny ripples. Standing in the stern of the boat a slim, mulatto boy blew blast after mellow blast from a conch-shell. The boy stood with his face to the noonday sun, his black curls glistening; he wore blue overalls and a red handkerchief was around his neck. As Famie watched, he put aside the shell, and cupping his hands to his mouth, he shouted:

"Fais-Do-Do!
Grande danse le soir de paques à huit heures!
De la bonne musique, bon temps pour tous!
Fais Do-Do!
Au pavilion de monsieur Monette!
Dimanche à huit heures. Ne manquez pas de venir!"

Well, I have explained Mr. Fox's story. As regards Mr. Saxon's, those who feel they want to read him won't need it explained.

A posthumous collection of essays and stories by Miss Winifred

The Palestine Question

GT. BRITAIN AND PALESTINE

by

Herbert Sidebotham

"Scrutator" and "Student of Politics" of the *Sunday Times*.

Illustrated. **10s. 6d. net.**

"This is an opportune book, written on a vital subject by a man who is a master of the subject and master of the art of writing. . . . The essential characteristic of the book is clearness, both in the point of view and in the treatment . . . persuasive and incisive."—NORMAN BENTWICH (*Time and Tide*)

"Written with both power and conviction. Its author has a lucid and logical mind. His pen is fearless and forceful."—*Great Britain and the East*

"The book is brilliantly conceived and brilliantly written." *Manchester Guardian*

MACMILLAN & CO. LTD., LONDON

Harrods

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

invite you to see and hear this

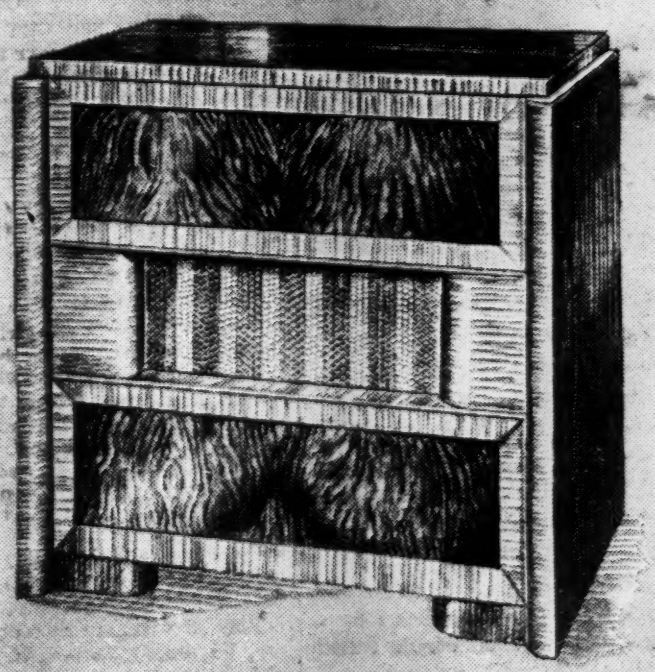
MARCONIPHONE RADIOGRAM

This magnificent example of Marconiphone quality is a six-valve Superhet automatic gramophone. World radio reception on five wavebands is combined with an incomparable gramophone performance. The instrument itself is a very distinguished piece of furniture. You may see and hear all Marconiphone Models in Harrods Radio Salon, the most complete and comfortable in London.

MARCONIPHONE

THIS MODEL (367) . . . . 40 GNS.

THE REAL THING



Holtby, *Pavements at Anderby* will be chiefly interesting to those already familiar with her work. She herself, one feels, might have eliminated some of these pieces as being too slight. In others, the atmosphere of the trial run, the notion one has that something better would have been made of this when the private point and struggle had been resolved, is very strong. At the same time, even the least careful page confirms the candour, integrity and seriousness of an exceptional woman. There are several stories of a completely finished kind: among the best are *The Man Who Loved Young People*, *The Travelling Companions*, *The Murder of Madame Mollard*, a very entertaining fantasy on feminist questions, and *The Wronged Woman*. This last is a really admirable satire on the type of snobbish, sub-lady husband-snatcher who uses the word "frock," and "boy" when she means "man."

The Cleft Stick is by the author of *Love on the Dole*. On a dole income of seventeen shillings a week, Mr. Greenwood, very sagaciously and rightly, chose the uncertainties of a writer's career to the "certainties" of clerkdom at thirty-five shillings, and most of these studies of industrial life in the North were produced while he was unemployed. As stories, they are most of them too savage, and too Left, for the popular press; yet the morals they point are not bludgeoned into the reader, and comedy is not wanting. There is one commendable horror story called *The Practised Hand*: it contains a midwife, Mrs. Haddock, whose secondary profession is assisting the elderly and dying to die quicker, so that their relations can get the insurance. This is achieved by deftly arranging the helpless victims in a certain position in bed. They are then re-arranged:

> ". . . here, and he'd better have a smile on his face," said Mrs. Haddock, picking up the pillow, shaking it and placing it under Ben's head. The two women watched Mrs. Haddock push up the extremities of Ben's mouth. "It sets like that when he gets cold," she explained.

But Mr. Greenwood's work is not merely fiction. It comprises an exposure of conditions of living which are infamous. Imaginative, unideological, stimulating, yet truthful, this volume would make a splendid Christmas present for persons who need an effective, first push to the Left.

BRIAN HOWARD

NOTES ON THE WAY

by

Viscountess Rhondda

6/- net

"I have seldom seen so much common-sense pe square inch as I have seen in this little book."—SIR JOHN SQUIRE (*Daily Telegraph*)

"It is honest, it is stimulating, and it is entertaining, and, above all, it causes a definite reaction in the mind."—*Times Literary Supplement*

"In book-form the notes preserve their freshness and the stamp of a robust and individual judgment that gives them more than a passing value."—ROBERT LYND (*News Chronicle*)

"Personally, I have gone out to her book because she puts into words, and such terse words, many theories I have held for years, besides broaching new ones on which I had not thought at all."—DR. J. M. BULLOCH

MACMILLAN & CO. LTD., LONDON

GRAND TOURING AND GOOD MIXING

The Road to Power. By JOHN BROWN. *Selwyn and Blount*. 15*s*.
Zigzag. By W. F. R. MACARTNEY. *Gollancz*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

The publishers make greater claims for *The Road to Power* than its contents seem to warrant. Mr. Brown, having returned from Russia and incidentally refused Lord Nuffield's cheque—Lord Nuffield, it will be remembered, challenged him to go and see for himself (all expenses being paid) what kind of Utopia Soviet Russia had established—travels at large about the world. He visits "Father Divine in 'Heaven No. 1,'" says the publisher, but the references to Father Divine in the text are of the briefest, and beyond the information that he was eating a banana and that his talk was "involved verbiage," we learn no more about him than we knew before. "In the final chapters," the blurb announces, "he describes back-stage British politics"; anxiously one scans the pages for "revelations," but beyond an account of the offer which was made to Mr. Brown by Malcolm MacDonald and Lord De La Warr of a safe National Labour seat, and of an invitation to lead Mosley's New Party in South Shields, I can find nothing that even remotely resembles a disclosure. There is an animated description of an election campaign which Mr. Brown waged against Mr. Hore-Belisha and frightful odds at Devonport, but it seems to have been very like other election campaigns. "The masks," we are told, "are torn off every European dictatorship," but I cannot find that Mr. Brown went to Poland; there are only four pages on Germany, and, although four chapters are devoted to Italy, their contents rarely rise above the level of gossipy note-taking. The notes are brightly written and the information they contain is sometimes unexpected and occasionally important. That the depopularisation of slimness, the boycott of bathing belle pictures, and the lengthening of skirts are measures which the Italian authorities consider to be calculated to increase the birth rate strikes me as surprising, while the facts that in Sicily peasant women work 100 hours a week for the equivalent of 2*s*. 6*d*., while their husbands earn 1½*d*. per hour, and that workers in a Turin factory receive 17*s*. for a 50-hour week seem to me, if true, to be important. But that the book is as the publishers claim "quite certainly the first of its kind that has been published in this country since the Great War" is "quite certainly" not true. It is, indeed, extremely like any other of the hundred and one books which young men of inquiring minds and "Left" sympathies have brought back as the fruits of a European tour in the nineteen-thirties. Inside Europe and through Europe, talking to party chiefs, exposing conditions, visiting prisons, unmasking dictators they go, for all the world as their predecessors went on the Grand Tour a hundred and fifty years ago, but whereas the Grand Tourists of the eighteenth century were the representatives and messengers of a single unified culture to which all good Europeans subscribed, the peripatetic reporters of the nineteen-thirties return to their native lands like explorers whose notebooks are stuffed with information about curious savage tribes. Mr. Brown seems peculiarly fitted for the rôle of explorer of the savage foreigner by reason of his admiration for everything British. Repeatedly he calls himself a Nationalist as well as a Socialist, and his book, which is dedicated "To the Youth of the British Empire," abounds with ejaculations such as "My God!—a nation and an empire survives only by its will to power and its fulfilment of its mission—in our case to give peace to the world—peace with honour." The first part of this announcement seems inapplicable to Denmark, which somehow manages to survive, and the second part to India, which enjoys a doubtful peace with an absence of honour.

Mr. Macartney is described by Mr. Brown as a "man who recently completed a sentence of ten years' imprisonment for espionage on behalf of the Soviet Union." It was, indeed, because of Macartney's Communist affiliations that, although "given several opportunities of service with the International Brigade," Mr. Brown did not accept them. Possibly he is right about Mr. Macartney, possibly not. So far as Mr. Macartney's autobiography throws any light on the matter, certainly not. *Zigzag* is an autobiography which runs from Mr. Macartney's childhood when, in the company of his father, an electrical engineer, he toured Europe laying down electric tramway systems, right up to the moment of his arrest on the charge of taking money for "obtaining information for a foreign power." Macartney makes no bones about admitting the charge. He was, he says, a Communist who believed in the spread of Communism, and the

Choose Books that Last!

—whether grave or gay—and lots of people prefer the former, even at Christmas. Here are a few reminders. Your bookseller knows all about them; or we will send descriptive folders in response to a card.

H. A. L. FISHER'S

History of Europe

—that "Gibbonian masterpiece"—is now in one volume —1,320 pages, 34 maps and new index—for 10*s.* 6*d.* Its drawback as a reference book is that you can't tear yourself away.

BRENDON'S

Dictionary of History

covers every side of British and Imperial history, especially points people are *not* likely to know. A boon to readers of history and biography. Every household ought to have it. One fine red volume of 620 pages. 15*s.*

Prof. W. MACNEILE DIXON'S

The Human Situation

will keep a philosopher happy for months. It puts down, and sums up, all the views that have been held on the question "Why are we here?" Philosophy *need* not be dull; here it is positively entertaining. 18*s.*

J. HUBERT WALKER'S

Mountain Days

takes you in its 320 pages to the West Highlands, the Oberland and the Tirol; among the people as well as the peaks. *The Times* thought its 64 photogravures "can rank with the most beautiful Alpine photographs ever reproduced." So it is good value at 16*s.*

HULDINE BEAMISH'S

Your Puppy—and Mine

—"for the ordinary owner," said *The Times*, "one of the best handbooks for many years"—will save many a dog from growing up a damned nuisance. *Our Dogs*, the experts' paper, thought it could give tips even to some of them. Illustrated. 7*s.* 6*d.*

★ *and some at lower prices*

E. M. FORSTER'S NOVELS are 5*s.* in a red and gold binding; the two best-known, *Howards End* and *A Passage to India*, are also 3*s.* 6*d.* in pocket form. **DR. M. R. JAMES'S GHOST STORY** books are 4*s.* 6*d.* or 5*s.* (**COLLECTED GHOST STORIES**, 8*s.* 6*d.*). **A CRICKET PRO'S LOT**, by Fred Root (5*s.*), the leg-theory wizard, brings back the sun on the green in December; and for the younger end, **CRICKET PRACTICE AND TACTICS**, by B. W. Hone (3*s.* 6*d.*), is extremely good and well illustrated.

Edward Arnold
Maddox St. London, W.1

HAROLD NICOLSON

C. E. M. JOAD (*Truth*): "If the indications of the present volume are to be trusted, we may look forward to a series of brilliant character sketches.

"Interesting for the light which it throws upon Mr. Nicolson, it is for the brilliant picture of the late Victorian age that the book will be chiefly remembered.

"The book is beautifully produced and contains a number of most attractive pictures." 15/- *net*

HELEN'S TOWER BY HAROLD NICOLSON

JAMES FARRELL

Manchester Guardian: "These stories are substantial chunks of realistic life in the Chicago underworld and among the poverty-infested, hard-pressed workers. They are often nightmarish, sometimes ironically humorous, but always stark and ruthless. The writer is plainly ablaze with indignation and anger." 8/6 *net*

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN BY JAMES FARRELL

DON TRACY

DOUGLAS WEST (*Daily Mail*): "This simple and engrossing tale about three men and a woman who are snowed up for some days in a hunting camp somewhere on the Canadian border grips from the start." 7/6 *net*

LAST YEAR'S SNOW BY DON TRACY

VAN DER MEERSCH

author of "Invasion '14"

EDITH SHACKLETON (*Time and Tide*): "A novel depending largely on its setting. The unusual background of the sinister no-man's-land between the French and Belgian frontiers, the smugglers' journeys, the cockfights, the old streets of Antwerp and Lille, are put in with an old Flemish detail and realism. . . . Mr. Gerard Hopkins, the translator, has done his work well." 7/6 *net*

HATH NOT THE POTTER BY VAN DER MEERSCH

DAMON RUNYON

H. E. BATES (*Morning Post*): "Divinely comic stuff." 7/6 *net*

ROBERT LYND (*News Chronicle*): "Mr. Runyon has brought a new and individual style into slang literature, and it is likely to be a good many months before we get another book as entertaining."

MORE THAN SOMEWHAT BY DAMON RUNYON

NAOMI MITCHISON

plays for children

HUMBERT WOLFE (*Sunday Referee*): "When Mrs. Mitchison re-creates history she has no superior in contemporary, and few in English, literature.

"Here with swift and easy intimacy she tells stories of Greece, Jerusalem, Rome, and Charlemagne among others." 5/- *net*

AN END AND A BEGINNING BY NAOMI MITCHISON

DREISER CHEAPS

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY	SISTER CARRIE
THE FINANCIER	JENNIE GERHARDT
THE TITAN	THE GENIUS
A GALLERY OF WOMEN	TWELVE MEN
DAWN (*Autobiography I & II*)	NEWSPAPER DAYS

Etc.

BOOKS BY THEODORE DREISER 3/6 EACH

CONSTABLE

information which he was asked by the Soviet Union to obtain related to the quality and amount of war material shipped by Great Britain to the Baltic States. Well, why not? To obtain and pass on this information was not, Macartney suggests, a criminal offence. He also suggests that, had it been what it was not, his question would still have been, why not?

What of the autobiography itself? It is well written, quickly moving, full of talk and incident; whatever Macartney may be, he is not a bore. What is more, the self-portrait reveals a man one cannot help liking. And yet, and yet—if Macartney had not written an exceedingly important and popular book, if the book had not done a power of good in the world, if he had not served with distinction with the International Brigade in Spain, if he was not a man whom all of us have met, whom almost all of us have liked, and for whom we have all felt compassionate sympathy—here, but for the grace of God, we thought, went we—I doubt if we should be trying to read his book. For, frankly, it is a little undistinguished. The best part comes towards the end, where Macartney looks at himself from the outside and writes about himself as if he were somebody else. The portrait is of a young man with expensive habits, a taste for food and more than a taste for drink, hearty, genial, a good mixer, addicted to all the capitalist flesh-pots. Here it is:

> The capitalist system had not treated him harshly. It is true that delays and expenses attendant on his obtaining his patrimony were frustrations for him at a most important period of his life, but a better balanced mind would have faced up to these difficulties and overcome them. He was not emotionally upset by the miseries and unhappinesses of the working class, yet it is true that he was never happier than when with politically active and class conscious workers, and he was fiercely intolerant of injustice. Cant, convention and humbug he loathed, and yet in many ways he was conventional. He liked all the amusements that the less respectable members of the capitalist class enjoy. He liked good and expensive food. He drank too much and smoked cigars only. He liked big boxing matches and first nights, night-clubs in London, cabarets in Paris and Berlin. In fact, apart from his sincere belief in Communism, he was a wild and rather reckless young man of the possessing class.

Nothing, perhaps, very surprising in all this. What is surprising is to learn that Macartney went to prison for breaking into a jeweller's shop in the West End, some time before he served a second term as a convicted spy. Well, why not? If one is a Communist one feels, I suppose, entitled to do what one can to readjust the present inequitable distribution of the world's goods, including its precious stones.

C. E. M. JOAD

Soothes...
Softens...
Refreshes.
You will enjoy shaving time and be rewarded with an immaculate chin if you use
PARKE-DAVIS
Shaving Cream
Large tubes cost 1s. 6d. from any Chemist, or a 7-day trial sample will be sent on application to Box 119/65, Euthymol, 50 Beak Street, London, W.1

CONVALESCENT VOYAGE

Across the Seven Seas. By COLONEL R. V. K. APPLIN. *Chapman and Hall.* 15*s.*
Inside India. By HALIDÉ EDIB. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Land of the Gurkhas. By MAJOR W. BROOK NORTHEY. *Heffer.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Himalayan Campaign. By PAUL BAUER. *Blackwell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Everest: The Unfinished Adventure. By HUGH RUTTLEDGE. *Hodder and Stoughton.* £1 5*s.*
Stepping Stones from Alaska to Asia. By ISOBEL WYLIE HUTCHISON. *Blackie.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is a mistake to give way to nostalgia. But there is some excuse in a nursing-home, if one happens to be thinking of the Himalayas and the wind down Queen's Gate is making the same noise as it did in the firs below the Nathu La. Worse still, I had started *Kim* again, than which no book illustrates more vividly, wittily and poetically, in spite of its hit-or-miss attempts at oriental dialogue, the freemasonry of Asia at the intersection of the three great religious spheres, Hindu, Buddhist and Mohammedan. And then, as though to document my thoughts, the editor sends these books to cheer me up. They do, bless him—they break the spell: the wind sounds like Kensington again, and instead of yak-dung I smell a gas-fire.

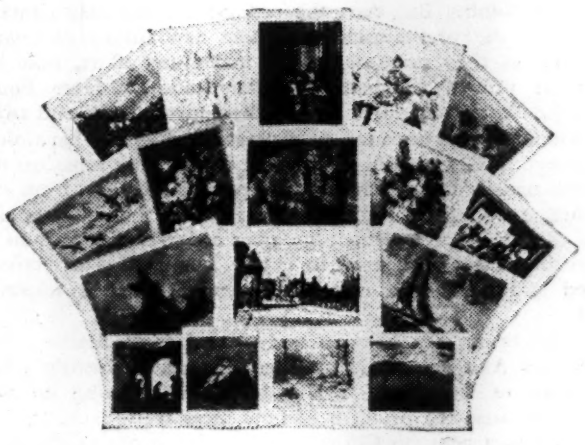
Why this perversity, when logically the effect should be the opposite? They are all interesting books, books from which information can be extracted. But the spell of places is not in information. It depends, rather, on some intangible communion with the *genius loci*. These travellers do not deal in intangibilities. They have purposes of their own.

Colonel Applin, for example: look at him on the frontispiece. His purpose was to earn a living and have a good life. And by God he succeeded. He knew Malay before Somerset Maugham, the first Rajah Brooke made him sick on his yacht with a cigar, he survived two wars with enough good temper to enjoy hunting with the worst pack in England, and he ended in Parliament. Borneo taught him both duty and enjoyment, and that is why Providence created Borneo, like India and so many other places.

Madame Halidé Edib is a Turk and therefore does not share this view of India. She once wrote a good book on the beginnings of the nationalist movement in Angora, when she was thumping away on the only typewriter they had, and this turned her into a publicist, rather patronising when comparing India with her own latinised, secularised, bowler-hatted bit of Asia, but full of would-be sympathy as women of affairs understand sympathy with the benighted. Her purpose in going to India was to give some lectures. She went armed with a remarkable capacity for inventing complexities where they do not exist, the sort of capacity cultivated by American female investigators, which she exercises to the full in her character sketch of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. I wish she would write a book called "Inside England."

Major Brook Northey goes to an opposite extreme of modesty. Not even "twenty years' experience in a Gurkha regiment, which included such work as training the Nepal Escort in Kathmandu in 1910 . . . and the post of Recruiting Officer for five years (during which I was kindly permitted by H.H. the late Sir Chandra Shumshere to visit parts of the country usually inaccessible to Europeans)" will induce him to claim any expert knowledge of Nepal. The result is a most convenient, straightforward book giving the circumstances that led to the establishment of a ministerial as well as a regal dynasty and continuing with descriptions of the people and the monuments. It leads one to speculate what part history may have in store for the Gurkhas. Slowly but surely modern transport is encroaching on the fastnesses between Siberia and the Himalayas, and this martial people, though eventually defeated by a Chinese army, was at one time accustomed to invade Tibet. They would have done so again seven years ago but for English mediation. The time may come when, instead of mediation, it will be a question of English help.

Major Brook Northey takes his survey eastward as far as Darjeeling. Thence the tale proceeds into Sikkim, and up on to the plateau, in the wake of two mountaineering expeditions. The technique of climbing is a closed and mysterious subject to those



MEDICI CHRISTMAS CARDS & CALENDARS

With their bright and gay colours and originality in design the Medici Series offers a choice of beautiful cards of individuality and distinction that are as great a joy to give as to receive. Of all good dealers, or write for 36-page illustrated list, post free. Also ask to see the Medici Personal Greeting Card Albums.

Brent Geese, Flighting. *Peter Scott.*

MEDICI PRINTS

There is as great a pleasure in the possession of a Medici print as in the original painting itself, so faithfully are the colours reproduced. Medici prints make excellent presents, and there is a wide range of subjects at every price from which to choose. Of all good printsellers or The Medici Galleries. Send for the complete illustrated Medici Christmas Gift List and for fully illustrated List of Autumn Publications, post free.

THE MEDICI SOCIETY,

7 Grafton St., Dover St., W.1

also at 63 Bold Street, Liverpool, 1 *and* 26 Alfred Place, South Kensington, S.W.7.

Trade Mark

By Appointment

RUSSIA

A MINER SEES FOR HIMSELF

by

Kleber Legay

Written by a man who judges Russia's achievements not only from the point of view of a working man, but also as an expert on the questions which he investigates.

Kleber Legay is a French Trade Union official with 30 years' experience as a miner. For 12 years he has been a Labour representative on the safety in mines inspectorate.

Predisposed to approve, he is appalled by conditions he finds in the mines in the famous Don Basin. He criticises the employment of women underground. Wages he finds too low to provide a satisfactory standard of living, and hours of work in excess of those in capitalist France. Housing conditions and social services meet strong condemnation.

This unbiased narrative of the disillusionment of a sincere Socialist has had an enormous sale in France, and has created a profound impression most thoroughly justified by its force, its authority, its sincerity and its interest.

A story which all should read begins

NEXT MONDAY

in the

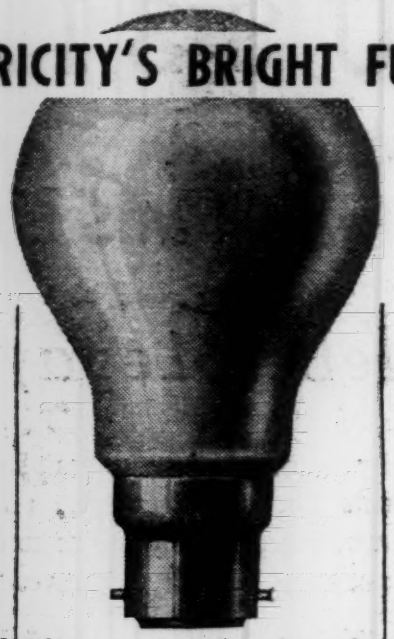
Daily Telegraph

and

Morning Post

One Penny

ELECTRICITY'S BRIGHT FUTURE



OFFICIAL returns rendered to the Electricity Commissioners show that 2,029,000,000 units of electricity were generated by authorised undertakers in Great Britain during Oct., 1937, as compared with the revised figure of 1,861,000,000 units in the corresponding month of 1936, representing an increase of 168,000,000 units, or 9.0%. Share in the prosperity of this great and growing industry by buying certificates in the ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES TRUST which enables an investor with as small a sum as £50 to acquire an interest in 41 companies. The last two distributions, covering a complete year of the Trust, amounted to £4. 5. 4.% gross per annum in cash dividends plus £1. 5. 9.% from recurring bonuses and rights.

Based on the present price of 17/9 per unit, this is equivalent to a return of 5½%

Full information will be found in handbook NS. II (the basis of all transactions). It will be sent free on application to the Managers ALLIED INVESTORS FIXED TRUSTS, LTD., 165, Moorgate, London, E.C.2 NATional 4931.

Trustees.—General Accident Fire & Life Assurance Corpn. Ltd.

ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES TRUST

EVS—30

who do not climb. But even the ordinary reader may concern himself with the preliminaries of these expeditions and with discovering, as they progress to the maximum effort, how far organisation proved adequate to circumstances. Herr Bauer recounts the German attempts on Kanchenjunga in 1929 and 1931, and in doing so gives unconscious expression to what I have often felt, on meeting Germans in Asia, to be one of their most natural grievances, namely their exclusion, except on sufferance, from real pioneering among their beloved mountains in the lesser-known parts of the world. Mr. Ruttledge gives a day-to-day account of the English attempt on Everest in 1936. The book is attractively produced and contains a certain amount of detailed scientific material.

Miss Hutchison is a botanist and started from Alaska. She only reached Asia eventually after going back to Seattle. But any account of the Aleutian Islands has its bearing on that continent, because the problem of how ideas were exchanged in prehistoric times between China and America is one of the most interesting and least examined in the evolution of civilisation, and studies such as this, though not necessarily directed to that end, may eventually help solve it. Miss Hutchison has a pretty talent in water-colours, which her publishers have been generous enough to display in full colour.

Thus instructed, I return to my other Asia, to the Anglo-Indians of St. Xavier's and the lama talking of the snows. The snug little room gives place to a forest where orchids are hanging from the trees and the spiders' webs can knock a topee from the rider's head. Up, through the zones of bamboo and rhododendron and silver fir, to the dank yellow uplands where vultures hold solitary council and the highest of all high snows infringe the leaden sky. Up, to the pass; there, across the autumn-tinted Chumbi, is Tibet; and—" Good evening, sister . . . yes, much better thank you."

ROBERT BYRON

ILLUSTRATED

The Country Scene. By JOHN MASEFIELD and EDWARD SEAGO. *Collins.* 3 *gns.*

Narrative Pictures. By SACHEVERELL SITWELL. *Batsford.* 21*s.*

The Adventures of Hajji Baba. By JAMES MORIER. Illustrated by C. LEROY BALDRIDGE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

H.M.Bateman. By HIMSELF. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The 1937 New Yorker Album. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Private View. By P. BELLEW. *Barker.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Coloured Counties. By CHARLES BRADLEY FORD. *Batsford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Living Colour. By JOHN EVERARD. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Serious Business. By J. H. DOWD and B. E. SPENDER. *Country Life.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Circus. By BERTHA BENNET BURLEIGH. *Collins.* 15*s.*

Just Pups. By K. F. BARKER. *Country Life.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Dogs, Rough and Smooth. By LUCY DAWSON (MAC). *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Nothing But Horses. By K. F. BARKER. *Black.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Gardens of Europe. By G. A. JELLICOE. *Blackie.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

These are all illustrated books, most of them seem designed for the Christmas market, and some deserve to figure not in the book department, but on the counters consecrated to Fancy Goods. To judge such books by a normally high standard would be ridiculous.

The Country Scene contains forty-two new poems by the Poet Laureate. Too often they are unemphatic to the point of dullness, but they are frequently pleasant and never vulgar. As fragments of a long poem on English country life they would deserve high praise, but in a short poem we cannot help looking for a higher tension of both feeling and expression than we find here. Let me quote one of the best, *The Gulls at Ploughing*:

> Before a south-east gale, they know the signs;
> Inland they come, to speckle the red clay,
> (The meat upon Earth's bones) with shreds of grey.
> They watch the land-ship shear the red in lines.
> After the trash the bitter billow yields
> The killings and the leavings of the spray,
> These pirates take the marrow of the fields.

Another poem, *The Young Fisherman*, is in the Hopkins manner. These quiet, observant, rather eighteenth-century poems would

make an admirable present for those who like Georgics. Unfortunately, they are accompanied by forty-two coloured reproductions of paintings by Mr. Edward Seago. These are in the much beloved Munningsy Royal Academic manner, and their vulgar slickness seems to me painfully out of keeping with Mr. Masefield's honest Muse. I hope the poems will soon be available in a more attractive form.

Narrative Pictures is much the most recommendable of these picture-books. Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell has interpreted his title literally, and includes every sort of English *genre* painting. He writes of pictures from a frankly literary point of view, and I think does not always sufficiently distinguish between the subject and the treatment. Thus he says Hogarth "is lacking in all poetry or sense of beauty," which seems to me an outrageously unjust judgment. And he is, for similar reasons, altogether too kind to painters like Boyd, Houghton and the ignominious Tissot. But he writes remarkably well about Fuseli, Cruikshank, and the curious Dadd, and we are grateful to him for his interest in Wright of Derby, Walton, and E. F. Burney. We should have liked some more information about the Rev. M. W. Peters, whose talent for lascivious painting seems to have been startling. Mr. Sitwell writes with the greatest enthusiasm of Millais's *Blind Girl*. "There may," he says, "be no contemporary English painter who has, in our lifetime, produced a picture which has so many of the qualifications of a masterpiece." Though this is one of the best pre-Raphaelite pictures, I cannot think that such praise is justified. And Mr. Sitwell has evidently not looked at the picture very carefully, for he says that it represents a "golden cornfield," whereas the subject is the green marshland or *pré salé* below Winchelsea, and horses and cattle are to be seen grazing in what he supposes to be corn. But Mr. Sitwell's infectious enthusiasm, curious learning and poetic style make this book delightful, and the illustrations, over 130 of them, are highly entertaining and excellently reproduced. Mr. Michael Sevier contributes a number of interesting factual notes. Altogether a most desirable Christmas present.

The Adventures of Hajji Baba can vehemently be recommended as a brilliant and unjustly neglected book. It appeared first in 1824, the book of James Morier, a diplomatist who had been at the Teheran Legation. Ironical, picaresque and packed with acute observation of the Persian character, this book must delight anyone who cares for good writing and the Near East. The illustrations were made actually in Persia, and if they have any other merit, it has escaped my observation.

From these three books in which the text is to be taken seriously, we pass by a number of books in which the words seem little more than padding. Mr. Bateman's book I expected to be interesting. His drawings have always seemed to express an almost pathological hatred of bourgeois conventions. His colonels, admirals, golfers and clubmen appear as the fruit of a vindictive loathing. But his autobiography paints a genial, rather ingenuous, very conventional man, and one can only suppose that it is his subconscious that seethes. The book includes reproductions of the well-known set of ghastly floaters, "The Man who bid half-a-guinea at Tattersall's," etc. *The New Yorker Album* consists entirely of drawings. Thurber, Peter Arno, Soglow, Steeg, Alain, Helen Hopkinson, and the delicious Mary Petty, are the best of a very good bunch. (Mr. Gluyas Williams imparts the English flavour for those who like it.) This book would make a surefire present for any intelligent person. Mr. Patrick Bellew's *Private View* is an English product in the *New Yorker* tradition. The ideas, often nice and risky, are extremely amusing, but the drawings are hardly good enough.

The Coloured Counties really should have been included among the books worth reading. For Mr. Ford's survey of England is sensible, well written and very well-informed. The 92 illustrations are in colour—an innovation of Messrs. Batsford which is more enterprising than pleasing. In fact, they seem to me unbearably hideous, one and all. Why is it that coloured photographs are so unlike anything at all except coloured photographs? The book can no doubt be recommended to amateurs of this distressing medium. *Living Colour* will recommend itself to these and also to a much larger public. For here are 24 plates, not only coloured photographs, but coloured photographs of female nudes. With the best will in the world I can see in them no aesthetic value whatsoever, though the photographer is careful to show, by diagrams, the formal considerations which inspired him. Like Boucher and many other good painters, he evidently picks his models with great care; and his results can be enjoyed, if not as art, at least as natural history.

Good Night And Thanks So Much

Let the escutcheon be unsullied and the honour of the hostess enhanced. Let the parting guests give thanks—and be truly thankful. In short, let the Sherry Party be a success, and the Sherry play its appointed part in promoting friendliness and fellow-feeling.

This, the earnest wish of every hostess, is repeated here so that we may point out that Findlater's Sherries can do much to make a successful party.

SPECIAL SAMPLING CASE
OF FINDLATER'S SHERRIES
Containing 1 bottle each—

COURT - - - - - - - - - - - - **4/-**
Medium dry, pale. Excellent at any time of the day
FINDLATER'S "FINO" - - - - - - - - **5/3**
Pale amber with an attractive aroma of the "Flor"
MARCH BROWN - - - - - - - - - **6/-**
Generous but without heaviness
FINDLATER'S AMONTILLADO - - - - - **7/4**
Our Chairman's favourite sherry. Dry, delicate, distinctive

Offered at 20/- delivered ~~22/7~~

FINDLATER'S
FINE SHERRIES

Direct or from your Wine Merchant.

FINDLATER, MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD., 90-92 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1
Agents for Findlater's Sherries all over the World.
New York: Greig Lawrence & Hoyt, 347 Madison Avenue, New York City

The next five books leave me baffled. Evidently there is a public for such works, but I do not know for whom I ought to recommend them. *Serious Business* goes, I suppose, to child-lovers, and the others to animal-lovers. But I am very fond of children and of most animals, and I should be dismayed if I found any of them in my Christmas stocking. Perhaps I ought to recommend them to the child-lovers and animal-lovers who don't know anything about art, but know what they like. *Circus* is interesting, because Rudyard Kipling "used to say that there was no artist whom he would rather have to illustrate his books than Miss Bennet Burleigh." This throws some light on Kipling. Mr. J. H. Dowd's drawings are rather more sophisticated, and show considerable sense of character—*Serious Business* can probably be recommended to votaries of Christopher Robin. *Just Pups* and *Dogs, Rough and Smooth*, contain reproductions of pencil-drawings skilfully contrived to express the canine charm. *Nothing but Horses* is a similar book intended for horse-lovers: racehorses, hunters, polo-ponies, circus-horses, farm horses, tradesmen's horses, and poor old horses are described in prose and pencil. Miss Lucy Dawson's drawing is considerably nicer than Miss Barker's.

Finally, here's a book for the lover of gardens and architecture. Mr. Jellicoe is an architect who speaks with authority on garden design, and his book contains much information as well as over forty photographs of gardens in England, France, Germany, Austria and Italy. Lante and Marlia, Veitshöcheim and Hellbrunn, Vaux-le-Vicomte and Versailles—the most famous formal gardens are all included. Mr. Jellicoe is sometimes rather too niggardly in his comments: he talks of Verona, for instance, and never mentions the famous Giusti garden; and he recommends a visit to the garden of the Villa Valmarana at Vicenza, yet never hints that you can see here the most enchanting frescoes by the two Tiepolos. But this is a pleasant book, which will bring cypresses and balustrades and fountains into the gloom of an English Christmas.

La chair est triste, hélas, et j'ai lu tous les livres,
Fuir, là-bas fuir!

RAYMOND MORTIMER

'of authentic tragic beauty'

TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

CHILDREN OF STRANGERS

A NOVEL BY LYLE SAXON

'Rich in colour and strange, interesting detail... the story has pathetic beauty.'
FRANK SWINNERTON (OBSERVER)

'Deeply sympathetic—it never exploits its theme sensationally.' JOHN BROPHY (DAILY TELEGRAPH)

'Very skilfully against the triple background of white, mulatto and negro life is the character of Famie drawn... The book's abiding effect is one of unusual poise, of authentic tragic beauty, of material fined and refined until every episode, every word, has its place in an artistic whole.' TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

jacket by John Farleigh

7s 6d

THE BODLEY HEAD

LITTLE ART AND A LONG LIFE

Charles Darwin. By GEOFFREY WEST. *Routledge.* 15*s.*

This is the life of a Victorian scientist written with a dislike of Victorians and without any understanding of the man's theory or scientific method. It is written in a fuzzy manner with an emphasis on everything unimportant in Darwin's life and almost everything unimportant in the lives of his uncles, cousins, aunts, and grandfathers. There is also information of a more general interest, that the Severn was bridged at Frankwell, 1792–5 (Darwin born 1809), or that the house where Darwin was born "... is now Government Property—Headquarters for North Wales of the Post Office Telephones." The thesis of the book, however, shows the purpose of this pile of trivial detail, "the validity of a man's ideas depends ultimately on what he is or was—that in the last resort a sow's ear cannot even think a silk purse." Its function is to bore the reader into a condition in which he will accept a picture of Darwin as a typical self-satisfied middle-class Victorian and his theory as a rationalisation of the commercial ethics of his time. The thesis has a superficial attractiveness in that it avoids the pseudo-scientific tosh usually served up by anti-evolutionists, but it is the exchange of one tyranny for another. Instead of poor biology we are served with pot-stewed psychology and worse, Werner Sombart, Spengler and the like. Before going any further it should be noted that the ideas of law and order on which the democratic ideals are based were worked out by men who were very much men of their time around the corner from the slave-market and gin-lane. To test these ideals against their originators' personal lives and opinions, the post-war liberal of independent means as the standard of comparison, involves the dismissal of the classical tradition lock, stock and barrel. It is the familiar pessimist argument that our animal brain cannot produce anything but animal thought. If Mr. West's thesis is correct we may as well give up thinking and join the Catholic Church (if we have a good job) or the B.U.F. (if we want someone else's).

The exponent of Darwin's theory has some of the feelings of the bellringer in the village church; he clangs away at the same old peal and even those who do not actively loathe the bells stop their ears against them. We will therefore say nothing more about the theory of evolution than that it is an hypothesis to account for the diversity of organic forms on this planet and not a philosophy. After it had been formulated the Germans concocted a philosophy incorporating many striking phrases from Darwin's writings that made every cheating tradesman feel like a rutting tiger with his claws blooded on vigorous rivals if he showed a profit on the quarter. This nonsense has as much to do with Darwin as the "insanity complex" and "war complex" of the daily papers has to do with Freud. It is a perversion that has nothing to do with the original idea; Mr. West, however, drags it in to damn his man. "The cook's intentions may have been of the highest but the proof of the pudding, for those who must perforce sit at the table, is in the eating." There is a rhyme about the serving of spurious Christmas pudding in a workhouse, in it an ex-service man with a clear idea of what pudding ought to be suggests a practical alternative to meekly swallowing the inferior article. When the petty sharpers and the caesars serve up fake Darwin and fake ideas we play their game if we shrug our shoulders and say, "Well, it all comes of having ideas of any kind." But Mr. West apparently doesn't know what Darwin's theory was, and he seems to know very little about the way in which scientists work.

> Was Darwin disinterested? Unbiased? Two outstanding facts make one doubt it. First the driving force of his ... life was his "intolerable desire not to be utterly baffled" ... He found facts dull without a theory to connect them and ... even a tentative explanation was an immense relief. This need led him to adopt his pangenesis theory, and to hold it till something better took its place. ... Second. ... Sexual Selection and pangenesis were early conceived. In each case the theory preceded the main business of collecting facts which either confirmed it or else unconsciously became difficulties to be considered and countered.

The idea of an incurious scientist needs no comment; facts are not only dull without an hypothesis, but entirely useless, since scientific method cannot be applied to a body of fact without one. In particularly blank spots implausible hypotheses are adopted for the purpose of giving research a direction. Freud, for instance, decided that the fundamental causes of madness would be discovered by the biochemist, but as bio-chemistry was not then in a position to be of any assistance, he worked out a therapeutic method based on research directed by the hypothesis that the

MORE ENIGMAS OF NATURAL HISTORY

By E. L. Grant Watson

Illustrated by Barbara Greg

"Mr. Grant Watson has wandered, farmed, explored. He is familiar with pearl fisheries and giant turtles. He has returned from New Guinea and Northern Australia to Sussex and Kent to write books about wild life, bracketing his knowledge of emus under the Southern Cross with his knowledge of otters and badgers in English streams and earths."—
SIR JOHN SQUIRE, DAILY TELEGRAPH.

"This is *the* nature book of the season."—A.M.A.

6/-

THE CRESSET PRESS

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

Pepita

Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net

First edition published October 30th
Second edition ordered November 12th
Third edition ordered December 3rd

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

Sally Bowles

3s. 6d. net

"A first-class long-short story, a portrait of a minx." JOHN BROPHY in *The Daily Telegraph.*

Mr. Norris Changes Trains

Cheap edition at 3s. 6d. net

VIRGINIA WOOLF

The Years

8s. 6d. net

Over 60,000 copies sold in this country and America

THE HOGARTH PRESS

AN

EXPERIMENT IN LEISURE

By

Joanna Field

author of A LIFE OF ONE'S OWN

★

NEW STATESMAN . . 'This is a valuable book. Miss Joanna Field is passionately serious and writes exceptionally lucid prose—completely free from literary vanity or affectation. . . She has searched strenuously for self-knowledge and a way of life, and is modestly proud of having found them. . . No one with a gleam of intellectual curiousity could fail to be interested and impressed by it.'

Illustrated : 7s. 6d. net

CHATTO & WINDUS

THE

PROLETARIAT

A Challenge to Western Civilization

By GOETZ A. BRIEFS

Professor of Labor Economics, Georgetown University
Formerly Professor of Economics, Technische Hochschule, Berlin

297 pages, 9 × 6 12/6 net

IN this interesting and timely book the author deals with the rise of the proletariat, giving a systematic analysis of its sociological and economic significance, the psychology of the proletarian mind, the proletarian movement in its different forms, the adventure of capitalism in combining democracy with non-ownership of large social masses, and the personality problem as the basic cause of the proletarian unrest.

STORIES BEHIND THE WORLD'S GREAT MUSIC

By Sigmund Spaeth 10/6

A single volume containing the outstanding facts and legends behind the composition of the world's great music. Every music lover will want this book—even people who know little about music, but who enjoy listening to it, will be fascinated by these stories of the men and women whose works they hear.

McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., Ltd.
Aldwych House London, W.C.2

irritants that gave madness its forms were its cause. This hypothesis serves its turn very well while the bio-chemist works on a different hypothesis that seems to be correct. In the same way pangenesis served its turn until a more satisfactory hypothesis could be conceived. It will be seen that the passage quoted above is nonsense. The word "unconsciously" is interesting. Mr. West wishes to convict Darwin of a scientific crime and as he has no evidence, blandly says that he was unconsciously guilty. He is not so cautious when he writes that Darwin "could not but see their application. Erasmus of Lichfield, Robert of Shrewsbury, Josiah of Etruria, all these had struggled for existence, and, as the fittest, survived and begotten . . . himself." This remark, for which there is no evidence whatever, does not reflect on Darwin.

ANTHONY WEST

A GOOD BOOK

A History of Political Theory. By G. H. SABINE. *Harrap.* 15s.

This is the best short history of the subject that has so far been written. It is not a mere empty catalogue of names. It is not, either, a jejune summary of ideas abstracted from their environment. It is a clear and arresting survey of the conceptions of government which, from the Greeks to Lenin and Mussolini, have dominated the minds of men.

It has certain outstanding virtues. It is always freshly written. Professor Sabine is not content merely to analyse. He is critical, scholarly, and suggestive. He relates the ideas he has to discuss to the historic background of which they are a part. He has built his survey upon a careful re-examination of the original texts themselves. His book, therefore, is not, as such books so often are, a mere summary of the secondary material. It is the work of a man who has tried to make clear for himself the meaning and significance of the complicated story of political philosophy. The book is not merely an immense boon to the student; it is also thoroughly and continuously interesting to the general reader. It will, I think, be long before it is superseded.

With so vast an area to cover, it is only natural that some parts of Professor Sabine's book should be better than others. Generally, I think, his handling of the material is more living and more incisive in the pages before the modern period than after it. On Greece and Rome, on the medieval Church and on feudalism, he is admirable; though I think he is not sufficiently aware, in his discussion of political theory in early Christianity, of the degree to which the Fathers were driven to compromise by their effort to find the terms of peace with the Empire. But I do not know any book which gives so well as this a full sense of the evolution of ideas in these two thousand years.

In the chapters dealing with the post-Reformation world, though Professor Sabine is always illuminating, he has, I think, been somewhat overwhelmed by the vastness of the material, and his treatment therefore tends to become a series of interesting essays, rather than an architectonic whole. The problem is, of course, very difficult for anyone who wishes to keep his discussion within moderate limits; but I do not think Professor Sabine has always solved it satisfactorily. He is good on Hobbes, Locke and Rousseau, and he has three admirable chapters on Hegel, Marx and Lenin. But one would gladly have spared the somewhat conventional chapter on Fascism, and the perfunctory treatment of Milton, Sidney, and Halifax, for discussions of French political theory in the seventeenth century (which is far richer in content than Professor Sabine seems to imagine) and for a fuller account than is here given of the reasons for the breakdown of the classic liberal philosophy. Especially in this last chapter, one misses names, like that of Tocqueville, which are fundamental; and the compression of these pages has gone so far that it may be doubted whether any but the best-informed students will fully seize their significance. I suspect, too, that Professor Sabine has done something more than justice to the destructive genius of Hume. The latter finally ended the title of the old idea of natural law and its associated techniques to acceptance. I think it is beyond the mark to suggest that, on his premisses, the defence of a "rationalist philosophy of natural right" is impossible. I wish, also, that Professor Sabine had found space for a fuller discussion of the French Revolution and the pre-Marxian Socialists. That would have served to emphasise the remarkable continuity of ideas that is characteristic of political philosophy.

But, compared to the merits of what he has given us, all criticisms of his book are minor matters. Some of the chapters are small masterpieces in themselves. Few people who do not share their views have done so much justice to Marx and Lenin. No better brief introduction to Hegel's political philosophy, to my knowledge, exists. On Burke, on Bodin, on Hooker, on Montesquieu, he says the just thing with point and insight. This is not, like so many books of the kind, merely a book of reference. It is the work of a man who has patiently sought to interpret the meaning of things and found significant conclusions to report. It is, also, it is important to note, an implicit defence of the value of speculative freedom. One cannot, in these grim days, hear that defence without gratitude.

HAROLD J. LASKI

POEMS
(1934—1937)
by
John Evelyn
A first collection of individual poems
5s.
PETER DAVIES

"AND ADAM WAS A GARDENER —AND WHAT . . . ?"

The Naming of Plants. By VERA HIGGINS. *Arnold.* 3s. 6d.
Plant Ecology. By HILDA DRABBLE. *Arnold.* 7s. 6d.
Gardener's Choice. By EVELYN DUNBAR and CYRIL MAHONEY. *Routledge.* 10s. 6d.
Some Flowers. By V. SACKVILLE-WEST. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 6s.
Flower Portraits. By BLANCHE HENREY. *Country Life.* 7s. 6d.
Flowers in House and Garden. By CONSTANCE SPRY. *Dent.* 12s. 6d.

"It's a beautiful thing, but it has a beastly name." So sigh amateurs everywhere throughout the summer, and many might add with truth "and I am damned if I can remember it." To know that entomologists are even more badly handicapped is little consolation. But having finally mastered an awkward name just to learn that the unknown dictators have changed it induces a feeling of deep and lasting resentment. There is some comfort to be extracted from the assurance that even a little knowledge of the principles of nomenclature makes the whole thing more understandable and the names more easily recalled. Mrs. Higgins' book is therefore a welcome addition to the bookshelf. It is a short but admirably clear account of the system generally, of how it originated and the meaning and applications of the rules and

"MORTIMER BATTEN"

Books

RED RUFF 3/6 net

A record of adroitness, bare-faced effrontery, sallies on hen-roost and hatchery, loves and hates, pursuits and escapes. This story of a red fox is illustrated with ten remarkable photographs.

STARLIGHT 3/6 net

"The romance of a grey timber wolf. Mr. Mortimer Batten's name on the title-page of a book which deals with nature in the wild is a guarantee of integrity and truth to fact."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

TAMELESS AND SWIFT 3/6 net

"Each animal is a personality whose numerous adventures and hair-breadth escapes from deadly peril make thrilling reading."—*Scotsman.*

W. & R. Chambers, Ltd., London and Edinburgh

MONETARY NATIONALISM AND INTERNATIONAL STABILITY

BY

PROF. F. A. VON HAYEK

A Series of 5 Lectures

NATIONAL MONETARY SYSTEMS.
THE FUNCTION AND MECHANISM OF INTERNATIONAL FLOWS OF MONEY.
INDEPENDENT CURRENCIES.
INTERNATIONAL CAPITAL MOVEMENTS.
THE PROBLEMS OF A REALLY INTERNATIONAL STANDARD.

Publications of the Graduate Institute of International Studies. No. 18.

LONGMANS 5/- net

MOTHER EARTH—Letters on Soil

Addressed to Professor R. G. STAPLEDON, C.B.E., M.A.
By G. W. ROBINSON, Sc.D., *Professor of Agricultural Chemistry, University College, Bangor.* viii + 202 pp. Six figs, two maps and plate. **5s. 6d.** net
An attempt is made to set forth, in terms intelligible to the general reader, modern views on the soil, and the implications of these views for present and future agriculture. In Letters addressed to the author of *The Land Now and To-morrow.*

EVOLUTION & ITS MODERN CRITICS

By A. MORLEY DAVIES, D.Sc., Late Reader in Palaeontology, University of London, and Assistant Professor, Imperial College of Science and Technology. Cr. 8vo. Pp. xii+277. Illustrated. **7s. 6d.** net
Primarily designed as a reply to Mr. Douglas Dewar's *Difficulties of the Evolution Theory,* but the author also deals with the criticisms of other writers, whether biologists or outside critics. "It is desirable that their arguments should be met, and the book before us does this ably." *Inquirer.*

EARTH LORE—Geology without Jargon

By Professor S. J. SHAND. 2nd Edition (1937), with an additional chapter and 12 additional plates. **3s. 6d.** net
Does not trouble the reader with the technicalities of the science but gives an account in everyday language of the main facts of geology and the theories which geologists have put forward to account for the earth's major features.

WHEN TEMPERAMENTS CLASH

A Study of the Components of Human Temperament.
By MURDO MACKENZIE. **7s. 6d.** net
"His analysis of the life of an ordinary business man will bring home for the first time to many the real nature of neurosis. He then does what few writers on neurosis do: he suggests a solution."—*British Medical Journal.*
"He gives examples of conflicts between husband and wife, between parent and child and so on."—*A.M.A.*

THE INTERPRETER SERIES

1s. 0d. Books dealing with recent developments of thought and knowledge.
Vol. I. BELIEF IN GOD: Scientific method applied to Theology. By R. B. Henderson. Ready **1s. 0d.**
Vol. II. JOB: a new interpretation. By T. W. Phillips. Ready **1s. 0d.**
Vol. III. PROPHETS AND PRIESTS. By Prof. Hooke. Interprets Christianity's 72 jarring sects. Nearly ready.

1 Fleet Lane THOMAS MURBY & CO. London, E.C.4

JUST PUBLISHED

V. Sackville-West

SOME FLOWERS

With 25 collotype plates 6s net

"The perfect Christmas present for the meditative and energetic gardener, the aspiring experimentalist and the humble realist, for the author exhibits all these facets of perfection herself and the twenty-five flowers and shrubs she describes have obviously benefited by her many-sided enthusiasm." *Punch.*

Edmund Blunden

AN ELEGY

& OTHER POEMS 6s net

This book represents Mr. Blunden's verse of the past three years, and it may be described as a collection of pictures and melodies which should do much to enhance the reputation of this distinguished poet.

COBDEN-SANDERSON

recommendations of the International Botanical Congress. Definitely a book to buy.

The words *Plant Ecology* are enough to frighten off any timid amateur, but neither because Miss Drabble has thus, correctly, titled her book nor because it is really a text-book should gardeners shun it. The definition of Ecology given is " the study of plants in their natural homes. It attempts to discover the reasons why certain plants grow in special situations and also the effects the plants themselves have on their habitats." The first surprise you will get reading this book is how much ecology you already know or have, at least, been aware of since childhood days and the second, how interesting are all factors which condition the pattern or assemblage of the plants in a given environment. Oakwoods, beechwoods, heaths and moors, marsh and grass lands, shores, mountains and cliffs, Miss Drabble takes them all in turn. How characteristic and admirable are Professor Salisbury's photographs, which illustrate the volume, is best gauged by one's instant recognition—the feeling that you know the exact spot well. The contemplative gardener won't turn up his nose at finding this volume in his stocking, for it will extend his garden the length of his country walks.

The authors of *Gardener's Choice* have written of and drawn forty perennials. They hasten to disclaim any Lubbock-like intention of listing the *Best Forty*. From among the many beautiful plants which they as gardeners have grown and as artists studied these forty have been chosen because they " measure up " in some degree to their specification of a " fine plant," i.e., " healthy and vigorous ; beautiful in form, proportion and colour relation of flower and leaf ; of good habit and long flowering period." This is no hackneyed list, and many of the plants are not commonly found in gardens. It is therefore of special interest to those gardeners who are tiring of " the same old thing," and although they may ultimately differ regarding the qualities of certain of the plants, the authors will not care, for they will have achieved their purpose in making still another gardener more aware and less hidebound. Experience and cultural advice is given and the final chapter is on planning a garden.

Miss Sackville-West has also made a list, and a good one it is. It represents " nothing more than a couple of dozen plants I like to grow in my own garden. . . ." Her measure is " easy to grow, inexpensive to buy, a quality of its own and not seen in every garden." The inclusion of the Pomegranate (*Punica granatum*) endeared me to her list at once. How seldom it seems to be planted nowadays, yet it has been in British gardens for many centuries, and is a fine sight in bloom on a wall. The lure of the new is making us forget the old. (Incidentally, none of the listers has mentioned that wayward beauty *Tropæolum speciosum* which will soon be celebrating its hundredth British birthday.) *Some Flowers* has a John Nash cover in colour and is illustrated by full-page photographs many of which are excellent. It is unnecessary to add that Miss Sackville-West's comments are good reading.

Miss Henrey is to be congratulated on *Flower Portraits*. Here, indeed, is a beautiful book. It consists of sixty full-page " close-up " photographs of blooming perennials, annuals and flowering shrubs. The detail and lighting are wonderful, and in the words of Mr. E. A. Bowles, who contributes a foreword, this is a book for all keen students of flowers. Descriptive notes face each photograph. It is to be hoped that Miss Henrey and her publishers receive sufficient encouragement to produce further collections of such pictures.

Last but not least comes Mrs. Spry. Anyone really interested in the beautiful arrangement of cut flowers or who has had the opportunity of seeing her work will not need urging to examine *Flowers in House and Garden*, which is wider in scope than her earlier book, *Flower Decoration*. The greater part of this volume is devoted to the selection and growing of flowers and is arranged by the months of the year. The last three chapters are entirely concerned with the arrangement and care of flowers. As the illustrations show, Mrs. Spry can arrange almost anything to look beautiful, whether it be Kale leaves, Orchids or common flowers. This will be a happy Christmas for gardeners.

R. G. E. WILLISON

BIRDS AND COUNTRY

Country Matters. Written and engraved by CLARE LEIGHTON. *Gollancz*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

A Book of Birds. Compiled by MARY PRIESTLEY. Engravings by C. F. TUNNYCLIFFE. *Gollancz*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

No one expects the text of Clare Leighton's books to be as accomplished or significant as her wood-engravings. There she is an acknowledged master. As to the text it must be admitted that save when used as a background to action, or when it is the outcome of exact observation, as that of the bird-watcher, prose descriptive of the countryside tends to become trivial. Even phrases of acute visual observation, such as one might expect from an artist, slide out of recollection where otherwise, serving as the properties for short-story or novel, they would stamp themselves more vividly on the memory. And, though it would be unfair to suggest that in *Country Matters*, this, almost inevitable, triviality is communicated from Miss Leighton's text to her wood-engravings, it is natural that they should not, for all their quality, have the urgency of her illustrations to *Wuthering Heights*. A further cavil : Miss Leighton's vignettes often merit the criticism made of the work of modern wood-engravers, namely that it inclines to too many heavy black surfaces to lie happily in a page of typescript. Compare page 52 with page 18 : the former, with the statuette of Venus, makes a far better whole than the latter, overbalanced by near-black horseshoes.

None the less, *Country Matters* is as pleasant and readable as a gift-book should be, and Miss Leighton's engravings are never without distinction. Mr. Tunnycliffe's are rather mechanical, reminiscent of late nineteenth-century work ; he overrides instead of utilising the limitations of his medium, but the result is sometimes successful in its own fluent manner, as in the cut of widgeon on water. Mrs. Priestley's anthology of bird-lore has been well worth doing : it contains extracts from John Evelyn, Turgeniev, Captain Scott, Beebe, Aristotle, Cobbett, Gilbert White, and many more, all conveniently clapped between the same boards. I found myself reading far into the night both in familiar and in unfamiliar texts, moved to great excitement by Alfred Russel Wallace's description of the little black cockatoo he found in Malaya and R. M. Lockley on the desperate seaward journey of the young shearwaters. Even at its least articulate, the naturalist's prose has the merits of his enthusiasm and precision.

SOUTH AFRICA

Where Winter's ICY GRIP *is forgotten*

No linguistic difficulties hamper your enjoyment. No culinary deviations enforce dietary readjustment. An abundance of luscious fruits, a myriad of lovely flowers set in a blaze of scenic grandeur. A holiday in South Africa need not occupy more than eight to ten weeks, and it can be planned at a cost to suit your pocket. Consult the Travel Bureau in South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, or the principal Travel Agencies.

Don't panic

over Christmas Shopping—
ask your bookseller about

BOOK TOKENS

They are a gift and a greeting combined and a compliment to the taste of your friends.

A BOOK TOKEN is a decorative credit note on the nearest bookseller. Of most booksellers from 3s. 6d., plus 3d. for the attractive Greeting Card.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

from the

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

12 new subjects have been issued, attractively mounted and printed with traditional greetings. Picture-books, large coloured reproductions, and coloured postcards with or without slip-in folders offer a wide range of unusual and inexpensive Christmas gifts.

Coloured Postcards, 2d.: Christmas Cards, 3d.: Postcards with folder, 5d.: Picture Books—monochrome, 6d.: coloured, 1/-: Large Coloured Reproductions, 1/-

AT THE

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

SOUTH KENSINGTON, S.W.7

Send for lists

or telephone Kensington 6371, Ext. 47

THE LONDON

MERCURY

AND BOOKMAN

2s. 6d. Edited by R. A. SCOTT-JAMES 2s. 6d.

Christmas Number

CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE

James Bridie
Walter de la Mare
Laurence Housman
Stevie Smith
Elizabeth Bowen
A. G. Street
Sean O'Faolain
T. Sturge Moore

12 GRAVURE PLATES, WOODCUTS, DRAWINGS and an ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO CHRISTMAS BOOKS

On sale everywhere

10 GREAT TURNSTILE, W.C.1

Diplomats, highly-placed officers and others with expert knowledge of foreign affairs—as well as the man in the street—subscribe to

WORLD REVIEW

- It supplies a unique service of impartially selected and revealing articles from the foreign Press.
- It is edited by an acknowledged authority, VERNON BARTLETT.
- Its exclusive articles are contributed by men of international fame, including leading foreign statesmen.
- Its cartoons from the World's Press form the wittiest commentary on current events.
- It keeps readers abreast of the best books on international politics, which are reviewed by experts.

DECEMBER FEATURES:

ALDOUS HUXLEY: THE FREE MAN'S GOAL.
VERNON BARTLETT ON CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S FUTURE, ETC., ETC.
MUSSOLINI BEHIND THE ARAB REVOLTS (WHAT THE GERMANS, FRENCH AND ARABS HAVE TO TELL).

1/- monthly from all newsagents and booksellers.
Subscription 14/- per annum post free all over the world.

WORLD REVIEW, 40 CHANDOS ST., LONDON, W.C.2

SHORTER NOTICES

Paint and Prejudice. By C. R. W. NEVINSON. *Methuen.* 12s. 6d.

There is something very likeable about Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson as he reveals himself in these Memoirs. Disproportionate space, it is true, is devoted to complaints about his critics, and he exaggerates wildly the quantity of hostile criticism he has received. Mr. Roger Fry and Mr. Clive Bell—to say nothing of Professor Tonks—never shared, it appears, Mr. Nevinson's opinion of his own paintings. But how many other artists could make the same complaint! (We doubt if Mr. Fry or Mr. Bell ever said a good word for Sir William Orpen or Sir D. Y. Cameron or Sir Frank Brangwyn or Dame Laura Knight.) Mr. Nevinson has been made more successful than most painters—on several occasions he has, he tells us, sold every picture in a show, and the Press has not neglected him. His real misfortunes have been different. He suffered atrociously from the bestial brutality of Uppingham, where he was at school. (How so intelligent and progressive a man as his father was so careless in the selection of a school remains mysterious.) And he has been persecuted by very bad health. These Memoirs are less interesting than one might expect, considering the vitality and pugnacity of their author. The book includes reproductions of a number of his paintings.

Made on Earth: A Panorama of Marriage. Edited by HUGH KINGSMILL. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Hugh Kingsmill is an expert anthologist. His latest selection of relevant remarks on marriage by the great and the unimportant is as good as *The Worst of Love* or *Invective and Abuse*. He anthologises forcibly and with irony. These flowers of matrimonial opinion were not "culled," they were uprooted. On the theory of marriage he quotes the Proverbs, Milton, Browne, Rochester, Swift, Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Coleridge, Lamb and Tennyson. On the practice of marriage he travels from Henry VIII *via* George IV, the Carlyles, Annie Besant, and D. H. Lawrence to Edward VIII and what everyone said about his abdication. The editor's notes and commentary are brief but acidulated. There is no doubt that Mr. Kingsmill has views on these matters of marriage and divorce, but he denies himself the luxury of expanding on them. He includes an amusing history of Pepys' jealousy of a dancing master and some impressive newspaper cuttings of recent years. There are more awful warnings than recommended examples provided—which should increase its value to the married and the marriageable.

DRAMA · RELIGION
HISTORY · HUMOUR
FOOD · GARDENS
ART **F.J.WARD'S** LAW
TRAVEL · SCIENCE
BALLET · MEMOIRS
CHILDREN'S BOOKS
BOOKSHOPS
TOUGH-STUFF·WINE
COUNTRY · MUSIC
FICTION · POETRY
BELLES-LETTRES
POLITICS · PRINTS
CHRISTMAS CARDS

A phone call or a post-card will bring you a really entertaining and useful Christmas catalogue.

LONDON:
3 BAKER STREET, W.1.
Welbeck 3747

BRIGHTON:
10 EAST STREET.
Brighton 2605

Smugglers of To-Day. By W. J. MAKIN. *Jenkins.* 12s. 6d.

A description of the methods of modern smuggling enlivened by the author's personal experiences and spiced up with the "red pepper and vinegar of dubious romance." With tariffs high and thousands of refugees escaping across the borders of every country, smuggling is now a lucrative profession, and its study provides an ugly insight into the incidental corruptions of modern nationalism. This book is neither statistical nor political, but makes lively reading for those who want to learn about the subject without being bored.

The Westminster Bank—Through a Century. By Professor T. E. GREGORY, assisted by Mrs. ANNETTE HENDERSON. 2 volumes. *Oxford University Press.* 30s.

It is inevitable that two beautifully printed volumes, covering 751 pages, written to commemorate the centenary of the Westminster Bank should contain some dull passages and dreary figures, but Professor Gregory has handled his school-room task with admirable discretion, and has given a very readable account of the Bank's history. The book opens with an analysis of the background of English banking in the period 1820–1833, and there is given for the first time (to quote Mr. Rupert Beckett's preface) "the full details of the conflict which the old London and Westminster Bank was forced to wage against the entrenched interests of the established London private bankers, the jealousy of a dominant Bank of England still largely imbued with considerations of self-interest, and the indifference or open hostility of politicians." Even when the "struggle for recognition," as Professor Gregory terms it, had been won, the law stood in the way of the unification of the various sections of the banking system. It is an interesting history, and the Westminster Bank was fortunate in having some strong personalities to lead it in its early days of struggle. It is typical perhaps of the country and of our private banking system that Walter Leaf, the late chairman of the Westminster Bank, was, in addition to being a distinguished banker, an eminent Greek scholar and "the author," to quote Professor Gilbert Murray, "of a commentary on The Iliad which is without rival in English and without a superior in any language." If and when the joint stock banks pass under State control, we hope that the chairman of the new Banking Board will know as much about Russian as Walter Leaf did about Greek.

Portrait of Mexico. By DIEGO RIVERA and BERTRAM D. WOLFE. *Allen and Unwin.* 18s.

Mexico is full of contradictions. An extraordinarily rich country, it is inured to poverty. Mexico City is 7,000 feet above sea level, but low-lying land for all that. Rivers run towards the middle of Mexico. The enormous power of the Roman Church which once owned more than half the country has left the people still profoundly pagan. A hundred years fighting for liberty produced a dictatorship controlled by foreign Capitalism. To-day Mexico is a Socialist Republic under the thumb of American bankers, and its principal artist, who for years has been an enthusiastic Communist, has suddenly turned Trotskyite. Mr. Wolfe has accounted for the history of Mexico on Marxist lines, and, in the process of so doing he has produced a convincing portrait of the country and its people. Mr. Wolfe's account is more enlightening than Diego Rivera's pictures which are reproduced as illustrations, because the one is in its proper context, the other removed from it. Rivera's mural paintings, violent and primitive as they are, are obviously adapted for explaining general ideas to an illiterate population. For more sophisticated people, who are more interested in objective facts, records and particular truths, they only have value in so far as they themselves are typical of Revolutionary Mexico.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE Christmas month is devoted almost entirely to the re-recording of standard classics of the orchestral and chamber repertory. Two Beethoven Symphonies appear from H.M.V.: the *Fifth* by the Berlin Philharmonic, conducted by Furtwängler (4½ records), and the *Sixth* by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Toscanini (5 records). At a lower price-level, which does not imply any inferiority, the same company issue a new Dvorak *New World Symphony* (Czech Philharmonic, cond. Szell, 5 records) and the Schumann *Piano Concerto* (Myra Hess and orch., cond. W. Goehr, 4 records). Nor is Schubert neglected: there is an *Unfinished Symphony* from Beecham and the L.P.O. (Col., 3 records) and a *Death and the Maiden Quartet* by the Busch String Quartet (4 H.M.V.s). I am well aware that the reader of these notes does not want an elegant little essay informing him what I think of these glorious landmarks of nineteenth-century music; what he wants to know is whether the new recordings surpass in all-round merit those already available, and if not, which is, or which are, in each instance the most satisfactory versions. As a rule I attempt something in this line; but this month I confess myself defeated. I have had time for little more than a few hearings each of the new sets; some of them

Make it your Christmas Card!

THIS ENGLAND

Cover and 16 illustrations by

LOW

Over 400 "Blimpisms" selected from "This England"

PRESS COMMENTS: "A superb collection of lunacy"... "An extraordinarily amusing collection of unconscious absurdities".... "The collection shows journalism at its silliest, human nature at its weakest and Colonel Blimp at the top of his form."

Demy 8vo. 80 pages.

ONE SHILLING

NEW STATESMAN & NATION

10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

OFFERS A LARGE RANGE OF

Reproductions of OLD MASTER DRAWINGS, PRINTS, ILLUMINATED MSS., ORIENTAL PAINTINGS, OLD ENGLISH MAPS, ETC.

SUITABLE FOR

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

AT PRICES FROM 4d. to 5s.

CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS

3d. each

CARDS SUITABLE FOR

CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR

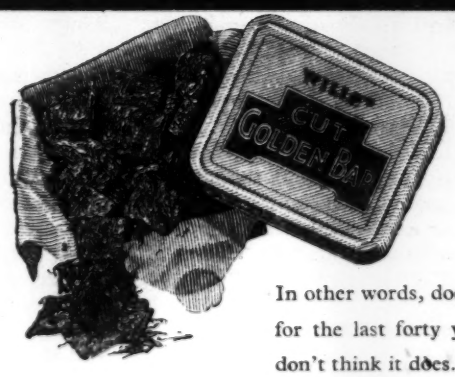
but without printed greetings

4d. each

SEND FOR LISTS:

THE DIRECTOR

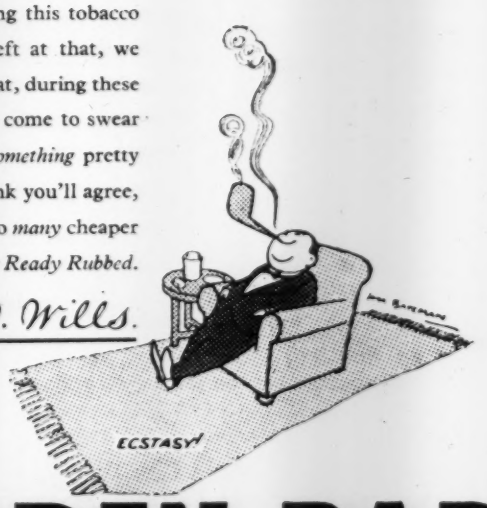
BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, W.C.1



Does "Old Established" cut any ice?

In other words, does the fact that we have been making this tobacco for the last forty years prove anything? Frankly, left at that, we don't think it does. But when we also state the fact that, during these forty years, a steadily increasing army of smokers has come to swear by WILLS'S Cut Golden Bar, it surely proves there's *something* pretty remarkable about it. Its price of 1/- an ounce, we think you'll agree, is scarcely enough to explain its popularity—there are so *many* cheaper brands nowadays. *You can get it in the Original form or Ready Rubbed.*

W. D. & H. O. Wills.



WILLS'S CUT GOLDEN BAR

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. CB92B

have as many as half a dozen rivals; and even the kindest dealer (and I have been very lucky in this respect) might well blench at the prospect of turning over to me an audition room and half his stock for a whole week of his busiest month! But some of the older albums I have encountered here and there in the past, and of the rest I can guess those most likely to be good on the evidence of recording date, artists, etc.

Toscanini's *Pastoral* is, as one might expect, the outstanding achievement of a rich month. Not long ago I was reviewing the Bruno Walter set, which was then definitely the best; but the magnificent interpretation and recording of the new set place it in a class of its own. Its issue is the more welcome because we had been told that the *maestro* would no longer undertake the labour of recording sessions. (Even this excuse, however, is inadequate to explain the technical poverty of the recent New York Toscanini recordings.) Apparently he relented during his last visit to England; these records were made in the ideal conditions of the Abbey Road studios. On a good gramophone the resemblance of the tone to that actually heard in Queen's Hall when this symphony was given there by the same players and conductor is amazing. The breadth of the whole conception, the drama and vigour of the storm section, the glowing serenity of the *finale*—all are captured on the wax. Nothing is more remarkable than the treatment of the *Andante* ("*Scene by the Brook*"); as one reads the score it is easy to imagine the flowing effect intended by the composer; but in practice the continuous thirds on the lower strings and the general thickness of the scoring often defeat his aim. Even Walter, never a stodgy conductor, trudges a little here; while Toscanini, by an infinitesimally quicker pace and extremely distinct phrasing of the quaver figures, allows the sunlight to penetrate to the depths of Beethoven's ambling rivulet. An art critic recently remarked of the new Renoir in the National Gallery that it had more than mere beauty of form and colour: it radiated positive happiness. There are certain works of music—not necessarily the very greatest—for which we have a similar feeling: the Mozart *Clarinet Quintet*, much of Schubert, and *Die Meistersinger* spring to mind at once. More than any other of the Nine (except perhaps the *Eighth*) Beethoven's *Pastoral* diffuses this sense of sheer happiness, of a wholeness and soundness and goodness at the heart of things which we cannot hope to prove. We admire and revere Beethoven for his *Fifth* and *Ninth*; for his *Sixth* we love him.

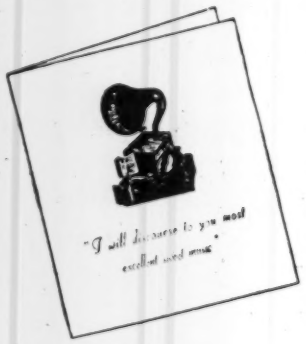
Furtwängler's *Fifth*, though an outstanding set, is not impeccable. He just fails to get all his strings on to that opening G at the same instant. But the first movement is finely shaped, and the *Andante* as tender and flowing as one could wish. Serious doubts enter only with the *Scherzo*, which opens so softly as to be barely audible, and so slowly as to lack all sense of being a *Scherzo* at all: Beethoven's "*poco rit.*" is expanded to a massive *rallentando*. The end is to increase the sense of terror and mystery in this movement, so memorably described by E. M. Forster in an early chapter of *Howard's End*; but such means are hardly justified. The *finale* is superb, though some important piccolo passages get lost in the recording. Intending buyers had better hear the Col. Weingartner or the H.M.V. Koussevitsky before deciding.

The Czechs play their countryman's Symphony with the greatest possible dash and rhythmic point, and the recording is admirable: just the set to awaken love of music in a child. Hess's performance of the Schumann *Concerto* is justly famous, and her supple yet solid playing comes over perfectly; as in the concert hall, every note seems perfectly poised and placed, and the clarity of the recording is exceptional even for these days; the orchestra is perhaps on the small side. The Busch *Death and the Maiden* is one of the most notable chamber music sets yet published: fire, vigour, and romantic feeling we expect from this combination, but even in the flesh I have seldom heard them play with such finish and such perfect chording. About Beecham's *Unfinished* I cannot feel so enthusiastic. It is, for him, oddly perfunctory; as though the Columbia people had said to him one day: "Oh, by the way, Sir Thomas, we all think you ought to do an *Unfinished* for Christmas," and he had replied: "Hang it all, my dear fellow, not the *Unfinished!*" It is beautiful in detail, but dull in bulk. The trouble is largely in the tempi: the second subject of the first movement is dragged, and so is the second movement as a whole. Conductors are apt to forget that the marking is *Andante con moto*.

There is one important first recording: the Beethoven *Triple Concerto for piano, violin and 'cello, Op.* 56, played by three Viennese soloists and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Weingartner. Written in 1805, a year before the *Violin Concerto*, it is a work about whose merits critics quarrel, Tovey, for example, calling it a masterpiece, while Marion Scott speaks of its "platitudinous craftsmanship." Tovey seems to me much nearer the mark, though he has overshot it. It is music of noble and spacious plan, striking and attractive themes, and much extremely beautiful detail, containing, however, patches of conventional writing which place it below the last two piano and the violin concertos. But there is enough authentic Beethoven in it to make most people feel as though they had suddenly been presented with an unknown and splendid specimen of his early middle period. The admirable solo trio is too prominent in the otherwise excellent recording (4½ Cols.). Of other orchestral records the jewel is the smallest of all: Beecham's re-recording of Delius's *Summer Night on the River* (Col.). This is quite flawless; as for the music—after all the Delius we have heard in the past ten years, I still believe this, the *First Cuckoo*, and the *Walk to the Paradise Garden* to contain the very essence of his genius in its purest form. Decca pursue their adventurous policy with a highly attractive Mendelssohnian *Overture in G minor* by Bruckner (an early work, 1863, before any of the symphonies: 3 sides, with Glinka's *Russlan and Ludmilla Overture* on the fourth); and Holbrooke's *Dylan Prelude*, which has its eloquent moments but is for the most part a mere post-Wagnerian farrago. The Turin E.I.A.R. orchestra (Parlo.) records admirably two overtures: Weber's *Oberon* and Rossini's gay *Tancredi*. The Stradivarius Quartet—among their names I am delighted to find two of the old Flonzaley group—record on two Cols. an impressive arrangement of the well-known Bach *Passacaglia and Fugue in C minor*, to which purists need not object, for it was not originally written for the organ either. On a single Columbia Pougnet plays a slight, charming Mozart *Rondo* with orchestra (K. 373); and three H.M.V.s of Schubert's Op. 94 *Moments Musicaux* show Schnabel as a master of intimate feeling and rhythmic subtlety.

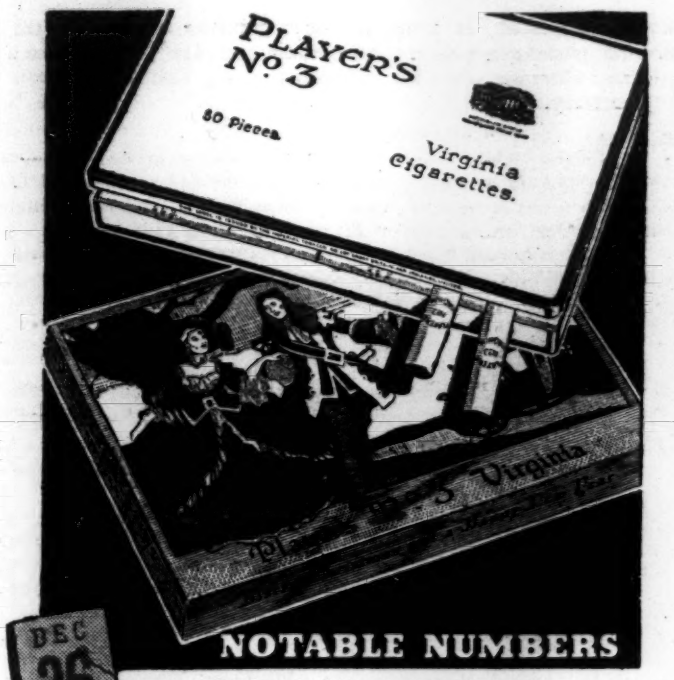
There is one outstanding vocal record: John McCormack (H.M.V.) in Wagner's *Träume* and Wolf's *Schlafendes Jesuskind*. McCormack's German has its imperfections, but the controlled fervour of his singing and his insight into the beautiful Mörike poem are incomparable. At the concluding "*Sohn der Jungfrau,*

GIVE
RECORD
TOKENS
FOR
CHRISTMAS



An E.M.G. RECORD TOKEN is a passport to pleasure for lovers of music, and makes a perfect combined greeting card and Christmas gift. Tokens are issued by us for any amount and we will exchange them for records of any make. If the recipient is unable to visit us at Grape Street, we will send the records of his choice by post—making no charge for inland postage on ten shillingsworth or more of records.

E.M.G.
HAND-MADE GRAMOPHONES LTD.
11 GRAPE STREET, W.C.2
Telephone: Temple Bar 7166-7
(Grape Street is just behind the Princes Theatre)



NOTABLE NUMBERS

DEC 26 DEC 25 DEC 24

Christmas is "in the air": these important numbers will soon appear on your calendar. So remember another number which will help with your presents or parties . . . Player's "No. 3 Virginia" Cigarettes. "Something a little better" for Christmas and packed in charming Christmassy cartons ready to post.

PLAYER'S NUMBER 3
EXTRA QUALITY VIRGINIA
50 for 3/4

S.P.44F

Give this to a friend

MODERN KNOWLEDGE AND OLD BELIEFS

AN APPEAL FOR CANDOUR

by VIVIAN PHELIPS

"The work is excellently conceived and is excellently executed." *Prof. Sir Arthur Keith*

"It is of immense value inasmuch as it takes its stand unfashionably on the ground of common honesty. It is very much a book to take notice of." *The Inquirer*

Cloth **2s. 6d.** net

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS

WATTS

LONDON

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM

THACKERAY HOTEL

Great Russell Street, W.C.1

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM

KINGSLEY HOTEL

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1

For a QUIET CHRISTMAS in London, these two hotels are ideal. Exceptionally moderate terms for Christmas Week or for a long stay. Hot & Cold Water, Electric Fires and Telephones in all Bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms.

BEDROOM, BATH & BREAKFAST FROM 9/6 PER NIGHT

Illustrated Booklet on application

Telegrams:
THACKERAY HOTEL: "THACKERAY, LONDON"
KINGSLEY HOTEL: "BOOKCRAFT, LONDON"

WILL YOU LIGHT A CANDLE?

'All ye who Christians be,
Oh, light my tiny candle here for me,
It has gone out; I am not very old,
And as I travelled in the cold
A bitter wind with all his might
Blew, and put out my little light.'

'All ye who Christians be,
Will ye not list to me,
Who have so often prayed
I might not be afraid?
I am a little frightened—can't you see?
Oh, light my little candle here for me.'
EDNA NORMAN (by permission)

The bitter winds of adversity have left many children in the darkness and cold. 3,943 of them are safe in the shelter of the National Children's Home. Every day brings further pathetic appeals; will you help us to respond to them?

A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT OF FIVE GUINEAS

covers the admission costs of one child. Please light a candle of hope for some little one in sore distress. A photograph and particulars of the child assigned to you will be forwarded as soon as possible. Smaller gifts are also helpful; do send what you can. And will you send it now?

NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME

To the National Children's Home and Orphanage, Highbury Park, London, N.5
I enclose my Christmas Gift of £ : s. d. to light a Christmas Candle in the National Children's Home.

Name.....

Address.....
(N.S.)

CVS—36

A red-letter day

December 25th, 1937, will be a red-letter day for many, because some inspired relative or friend has chosen as a gift the

Imperial 'Good Companion'

The dependable portable typewriter

BY APPOINTMENT

Price: £10.10.0

Send coupon for literature to
Imperial Typewriter Co., Ltd., Leicester.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

NS

USE A TYPEWRITER MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

Himmelskind!" there are tears in his (and our) eyes; but none in his throat. It is the most moving vocal record of the year. By contrast, the sobs of Giuseppe Masini (4 Puccini arias on 2 Cols.) are profuse and purely jugular; when *he* sings "*Non piangere, Liù!*" there is indeed no need for Liù to weep. E. Schumann (H.M.V.) makes a bewitching thing of the long Schubert *scena* with clarinet obbligato, *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen*, giving an uncanny illusion of ease in the difficult final section. Other Lieder records include three good Janssens (H.M.V.) of songs by Schumann and Strauss; a fairly satisfactory *Erlkönig* and *Gretchen am Spinnrade* by Marta Fuchs (H.M.V.); a gruff and breathy *Erlkönig* (with two other Schuberts) from Kipnis (Col.); and two lovely Fauré songs sung with fine tone but little variety by Thill (Col.). There are a few opera records, mostly mediocre, with the exception of Joan Cross's *Otello* arias (H.M.V.), and two unusually interesting reprints in Parlophone's Historical Series—D'Andrade's Champagne aria from *Don Giovanni* and Maria Barrientos's *Sannambula* arias, tender, sparkling and youthful. Finally, a perfectly fascinating box contains *More Songs of Wild Birds*, recorded in the field by Nicholson and Koch (Witherby, 15*s*. with book), which would make an ideal Christmas present for a lover of the English country exiled abroad, and really deserves a whole essay to itself.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Week-end Competitions

No. 404

Set by V. S. Pritchett.

In a café opposite the Morgue in Paris there used to be displayed a couplet which ran:

Quoique l'on dise, quoique l'on fasse,
On est mieux ici que l'on n'est en face.

The usual prizes are offered for a punning couplet in English suitable for putting in a public house opposite any one of the following places: a prison; an amusement park; an asylum; an Inland Revenue office; a swimming pool; Trafalgar Square, or a cemetery.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, December 17th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 402

Set by David Garnett

I am writing a censored play dealing with contemporary University Life and have decided to name my characters after the manner of Restoration Drama. The following from Sir John Vanbrugh's *The Relapse* may be regarded as models: Sir Novelty Fashion, newly created Lord Foppington; Sir Tunbelly Clumsey, a country gentleman; Sir John Friendly, his neighbour; Coupler, a match-maker; Bull, Chaplain to Sir Tunbelly; Serringe, a surgeon; Miss Hoyden, a great fortune, daughter to Sir Tunbelly.

The usual prizes are offered for the best names for the following characters:

A Bucket-shop Promoter (who gives away millions in conscience money) (newly created Lord ——); his bibulous (ex-bedder) mother; his son . . . a noble Communist (the Hero); a Dumb Blue (in love with heroine); a Financial Journalist; his titled mistress (with her eye on the Dumb Blue); her Left-wing Undergraduate Daughter (heroine); a Don's Grass-wife (who dabbles with Communism, and the hero, the Dumb Blue, and the Member of the Proletariat); a Member of the Proletariat; a Policeman; the Don (husband of the Don's Wife); the Home Secretary; the Head of a College.

Report by David Garnett

There was a large entry and though scarcely anyone sent a list without several weak spots, many had brilliant inspirations. Some competitors thought I might be influenced by flattery, regretting that my play, like Adam according to the pre-lapsarians, had been damned before it had been created. Quite a number of people named the characters without regard to their relationships. Thus a Mr. Sharepusher begot a Master Fool-Marx, and a Lady Dawg a Miss Rosie Specs. Some introduced names changed by deed-poll, a fact which I suppose the hero has to announce when he makes his entrance. John Lodwick had the temerity to inform me that married people do not appear in Restoration Comedy! In the circumstances, his list was surprisingly good, though *Lord Scruplen* is unsuited to the character. The best of the titles were Redling's *Lord Endower* and Miss Chisholm's *Lord Elevator*. Her *Jinny Weeps* for the old mother and *Debrett Weeps* for the hero were good. A. B. showed positive genius, and narrowly misses the second prize. Unfortunately none of his names indicate their relationships. His best names are *Oxeye*, the Dumb Blue; *Sprightly Statistic*, the financial journalist; *Honeysuckle Tete-a-Tete*, the Don's wife; and *Basic Slag*, the proletarian.

T. M. Parry sent a good list, but unfortunately gave the Lord's mother a title. His heroine, *Felicity de Gauche*, is perfect. I liked L. M. F.'s Lady Lascivia Widenet and Miss Humanity Widenet. There are several *Societtas* for the heroine. I hope they will encourage a reader to write a modern Nightmare Abbey—for they must be related to Peacock's *Marionetta*.

The Hon. Brian Guiness suggested a good couple in *Mrs. Lovall* and *Ostrich Lovall* for the Don and his wife, and William Bliss provided a good pair of *Nullitys*—Messalina and Dr. Impotent. T. W. Leslie Nicholl's *Lady Recumbent* and Guy Innes' *Lady Tuscarora Deepe* are titled mistresses who deserve mention.

I award the first prize to Dryden E. M. Bott, who has the best period flavour, though he weakens towards the end; and the second prize to R. D. C.

FIRST PRIZE

Lord Subscriber	A Bucket-shop Promoter.
Mrs. Towzle	His bibulous (ex-bedder) Mother.
Excelsior	His Son, a noble Communist.
Rugby Beefing	A Dumb Blue.
Contango Badleigh	A Financial Journalist.
Lady Bedsall	His Mistress (with her eye on the Dumb Blue).

PLEASE NOTE

The Unique Success of the monthly

CONTROVERSY 1.

Socialist and Communist Forum in which issues facing labour are discussed and where Party leaders and Party "lines" take an emphatic back seat.

December contents: Unity, China, U.S.S.R., Pacifism, Church, etc.
3d. from Bookstalls or 3½d. post free.

NEW MASSES 2.

9d. weekly, is a best seller among our 50 Foreign Left Periodicals.

CHINA LOOTED! 3.

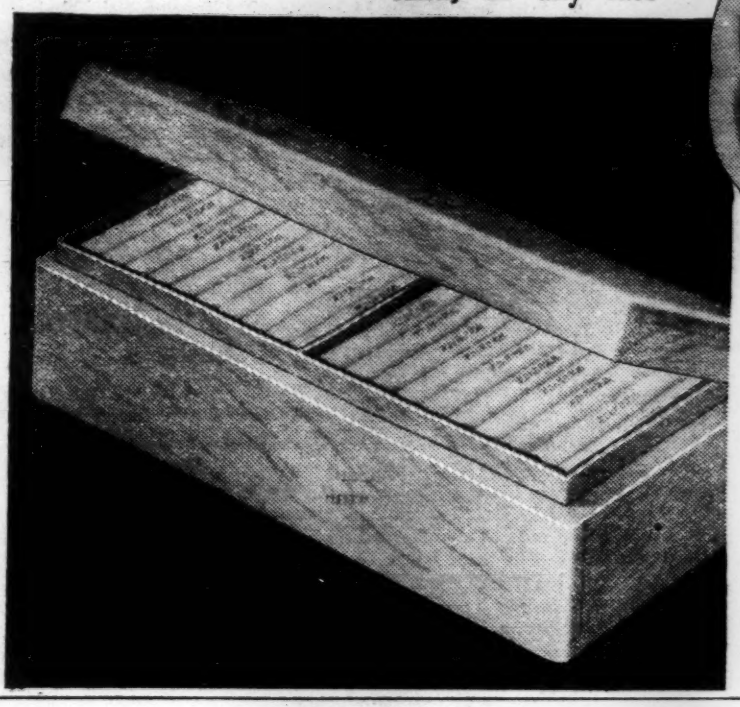
1d. or 1½d. post free; the story of British and Japanese Imperialism in China, is selling faster than all our 507 other Pamphlets put together.

SOCIALIST BOOKSHOP
35 ST. BRIDE STREET
LUDGATE CIRCUS
LONDON, E.C.4

P.S. Send a card for free Service Plan No. 2. 4.

Just examine the quality of this magnificent box

And, in any case—



'BETTER BUY
CAPSTAN
they're blended better

And these are Capstan SPECIAL Cigarettes —

—a de-luxe edition of the usual Capstan, in keeping with the handsome oak cabinet. The 100's cabinet (as shown) costs 6/6, the 50's 3/10, and the 150's 9/6.

W. D. & H. O. Wills.

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd C.C.588 D

LIFE HAS ITS COMPENSATIONS.

If the "real old-fashioned Christmas" is a thing of the past, so, fortunately, is the old-fashioned Christmas Card.

modern Christmas Cards
and the best of the
new Season's Books
displayed in bright and pleasant surroundings

ALFRED WILSON BOOKSELLERS LIMITED
155 Victoria Street, S.W.1
11 Hampstead High St., N.W.3

BUMPUS

Choose your Christmas Books from a stock that offers the widest possible range of choice, or send for the Christmas Catalogue and other guides to the best new books.

The best Christmas Cards are at Bumpus

J. & E. BUMPUS, LTD., BOOKSELLERS to HIS MAJESTY THE KING

477 OXFORD STREET, W.1

An indispensable book for all interested in social affairs.

The 1938
People's Year Book

Up-to-date information about social, economic and political affairs written in a manner that makes them easy to read and easy to UNDERSTAND. The only comprehensive description and survey of the British Co-operative Movement available in one volume. Brief accounts of the Co-operative movements in 50 countries.

OVER 300 PAGES
Including a 32-page Pictorial Review of 1937.

SPECIAL ARTICLES ON

The Special Areas by Barbara A. Gould, Wages and the Standard of Living by D. R. Grenfell, M.P. Labour in the Distributive Trades by Maurice Hann. Retail Distribution in Great Britain by Henry Smith. Planning and the Co-operative Movement by J. A. Hough. The Changing Basis of British Taxation by Fred Lambert. Co-operative Internationalism by Charles E. Tomlinson. Trade Unions by Sir W. Citrine. The Theatre by Ivor Brown. Books by P. Redfern. Films by H. H. Elvin.

CLOTH 3s. PAPER 1s.

FROM YOUR CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

Post Free (cloth 3/6; paper, 1/5) from C.W.S. Publications Dept 1, Balloon Street, Manchester, 4.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: to any address in the world. One year 30s. Six months—including postage, 15s. Three months—including postage, 7s. 6d.
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

LOANS

ADVANCES, £30 to £30,000. Private and immediate. REGIONAL TRUST, LTD., 8 Clifford Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. Tel.: Regent 5983.

APPLICATIONS are INVITED by the MORTGAGE (LOAN and SECURITIES) COMPANY, 63 Lincoln's Inn Fields, to arrange prompt advances on Reversions or Life Interest. Not exceeding 4½ per cent. net interest.

CASH Loans from £20 promptly advanced without security. Write, 'phone or call. ALBEMARLE INVESTMENTS, LTD. 45 Albemarle St., Piccadilly, London, W.1. Regent 6978.

LITERARY

YOUR SURPLUS REVIEW COPIES AND MANY OTHER BOOKS BOUGHT FOR CASH. BEST PRICES PAID. ANNEXE BOOKSHOP, 51 ESSEX ROAD, N.1. (Clerk. 1807.)

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 191A), Palace Gate, W.8.

NEW AUTHORS WANTED. Novels and short stories required for publication. BRIAN GORE-BOOTH, Literary Agent, 51/52, Chancery Lane, W.C.2. Holborn 1654.

LITERARY—continued

AUTHORS' MSS. Quality Press, Ltd., 22 Essex Street, Strand, are open to consider new works of History, Biography, Reminiscences. Prompt decisions will be given. MSS. must be typed and accompanied by stamps.

PRINTERS

PRINTING. Programmes, Noteheads, Leaflets Periodicals, etc. Modern Layout, Good Workmanship, Reasonable Prices. V. M. BEACH, Tongham, Farnham, Surrey. Runfold 155.

Toto Naive	Her Left-wing Undergraduate Daughter.
Aspasia Twixtsheet	——
Castrato Twixtsheet	A Don (her husband).
Belch	A Member of the Proletariat.
Truncheon	A Policeman.
Sir Legal Scratchit	The Home Secretary.
Dr. Tippler	Head of a College.

DRYDEN E. M. BOTT

SECOND PRIZE

Bogus Allways, newly created Baron Share of Gotham-by-Purchase	A Bucket-shop Promoter.
Tipsy Allways	His Mother.
The Honourable Evered Allways	His Son.
Dumbluddy Harty	A Blue.
Throgmorton Chatter	A Financial Journalist.
Lady Amateur	His Mistress.
Rose Howe-Bedworthy ..	Her Daughter.
Mrs. Fluttering Eagerly ..	A Don's Wife.
John Pennipool	A Member of the Proletariat.
Truncheon Thumperley ..	A Policeman.
Portpipe Eagerly	A Don.
Sir Burnham Censor	The Home Secretary.
Woodby Bishop	The Head of a College.

R. D. C.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 258.—THE TAXI

"Here you are," said Kryptogrophos to Periscopos, "this is all you've got to remember."

"What is it?" asked Periscopos.

"The key to my private code." And Kryptogrophos handed over a slip of paper on which was written:

THE TAXI.

"It's a case of Greek meeting Greek," he added; "or, more accurately, of Greek following Greek."

"I get you," said Periscopos.

Soon afterwards he received from his chief the following message in code:

AMASLS EMEDYU HBEUNR CNTYIR

Can you decipher it?

PROBLEM 256.—THE ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

Solution by R. J. Whitaker

The smallest total which will allow a candidate to pass is 11 questions answered, 5 in one paper, and 6 in another, for

$$25 + 36 = 61$$

Now there are five totals of correct answers which give the same "m," namely 36.

These totals are: 11, 14, 15, 16, 19.

So Egbert got 61 marks.

Derrick, who had 14 correct answers, but was top, must have also got the maximum mark for his correct answers, namely 76.

Alfred must have got the minimum, namely 73.

So the others must have got 74 and 75 respectively, and the table works out:

	Correct answers.	*Distribution.*	*Marks.*
Derrick	14	6, 6, 2, 0, 0	76
Cyril	15	6, 6, 1, 1, 1	75
Benjamin	16	6, 5, 3, 2, 0	74
Alfred	19	4, 4, 4, 4, 3	73
Egbert	11	6, 5, 0, 0, 0	61

PROBLEM 255.—QUADROONS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: E. Butterworth, Queen's College, Cambridge.

Six points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope but on separate sheets of paper.

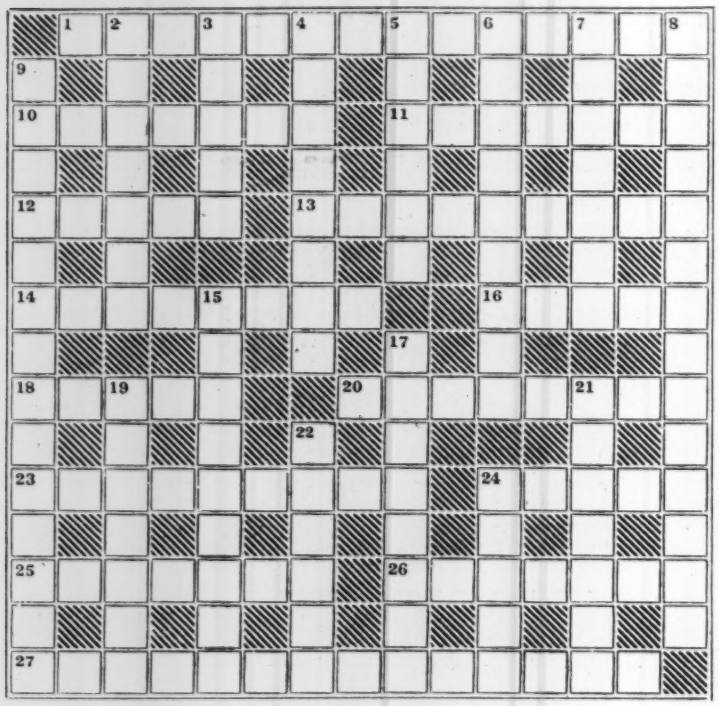
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 405

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Mrs. Norledge, Long Barn, Trinity, Jersey.

ACROSS

1. Pastoral money big for the gone to seed. (14)
10. Let this unknown quantity $= x$ for the physicist. (7)
11. Turn ashen as it were. (7)
12. They say one thing and mean another. (5)
13. Presumably one couldn't face the stuff. (9)
14. Condition of those who have been hounded into a foxtrot? (8)
16. Questionable thing for you to be on the stage. (5)
18. The option of a drink. (5)
20. Titularly she does the numbering no doubt. (8)
23. One has to do it by means of key letters. (9)
24. Dugout that is made to be flooded. (5)
25. Language to apply to a stingy artist no doubt. (7)
26. Helps many a plant to hold up its head. (7)
27. They should grow up to outshine all other blooms. (14)

DOWN

2. Apparent result of giving a bad name. (7)
3. Such attendants are often bound over. (5)
4. Becomes a peer in the end. (8)
5. October to December. (6)
6. The attendant at the Post Office Delousing Station? (9)
7. Such a building would be a bit of a comedown. (7)
8. The head of 9 gave this youngster a long "breather." (14)
9. Hypocritically suggest the cry of a beast. (14)
15. All the same it works its way round. (9)
17. He works in wood. (8)
19. As a soldier he'll someday get the Crown perhaps. (7)
21. How they went in for the competition. (7)
22. Drop the chaff as it were. (6)
24. A bit of the ball. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

C	U	S	T	A	R	D	■	G	R	A	N	D	A	M
A	■	A	■	N	■	O	■	R	■	S	■	E	■	I
M	I	N	C	I	N	G	M	A	C	H	I	N	E	S
P	■	M	■	M	■	L	■	N	■	D	■	I	■	S
E	M	A	N	A	T	E	■	D	O	O	R	M	A	T
S	■	R	■	T	■	A	■	I	■	W	■	■	■	E
S	T	I	P	E	N	D	S	■	I	N	S	T	E	P
■	■	N	■	■	■	S	■	S	■	■	I	■	■	■
G	E	O	R	G	E	■	S	T	R	A	N	G	L	E
R	■	■	■	O	■	A	■	R	■	I	■	H	■	L
E	N	V	E	L	O	P	■	A	I	L	E	T	T	E
A	■	I	■	D	■	I	■	N	■	M	■	R	■	C
S	E	V	E	N	L	E	A	G	U	E	B	O	O	T
E	■	A	■	I	■	C	■	E	■	N	■	P	■	E
D	I	S	A	B	L	E	■	R	E	T	R	E	A	D

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Housemaster. Wed., Sat.

AMBASSADORS. Yes & No. Tu., Fri., & 20, 27.

APOLLO. People at Sea. Mon., Sat., & 28th.

CAMBRIDGE. It's You I Want. Th., Sat.

COLISEUM. St. Moritz. Daily, 2.30.

COMEDY. Think of a Number Tues., Fri.

DRURY LANE. Crest of the Wave. Wed., Sat.

DUCHESS. Time and the Conways. W. & S.

DUKE of YORK'S. Black Limelight. W., Sat.

GARRICK. It's a Wise Child. Mon., Thurs.

GLOBE. "Robert's Wife" Wed. and Sat.

HIPPODROME. "Hide and Seek." Th. & S.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.

LYRIC. Victoria Regina. Wed. & Thurs.

PALACE. "Oh! You Letty." Wed., Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Thurs., Sat.

QUEEN'S. The School for Scandal. Wed. & Sat.

ROYALTY. I Have Been Here Before. Th., S.

ST. MARTIN'S. Autumn. Tues., Fri.

SHAFTBRY. Thank You, Mr. Pepys W., S.

VICT. PAL. Busman's Honeymoon. W., S.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Over 460 Perfs. Tem. 6404
8.30. Mats., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.
HOUSEMASTER
A Farcical Comedy by IAN HAY.

AMBASSADORS. (Tem. 1171.) Evgs. 8.30.
Mats. Tues., Fri., (ex. 24th). 2.30. Also Dec. 20, 27, 2.30
YES AND NO
by Kenneth Horne.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663.) Evgs. 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.
Extra Christmas Mat., Tues. Dec. 28, 2.30.
ALEC L. REA presents
PEOPLE AT SEA, by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

CAMBRIDGE. (Tem. 6056.) 8.30. Thur., Sat., 2.30.
Extra Matinees, Dec. 27 and 28
SEYMOUR HICKS in
IT'S YOU I WANT

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161 (7 lines).
2.30 and 8.15 DAILY
ST. MORITZ
A NOVEL REAL ICE MUSICAL SPECTACLE.

COMEDY. Whi. 2578. Evenings, 8.30.
Matinees, Tuesday, Friday, 2.30.
DOUGLAS BYNG, WINIFRED SHOTTER in
THINK OF A NUMBER

DRURY LANE. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
MARIE LOHR in
CREST OF THE WAVE.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
No Perf. Xmas Eve. Extra Mat. Boxing Day, 2.30.
JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON in J. B. Priestley's
TIME AND THE CONWAYS

DUKE OF YORK'S. Temple Bar 5122. Evgs., 8.30
Matinees, Wed., Sat. and Boxing Day, 2.30.
MARGARET RAWLINGS in
BLACK LIMELIGHT

GARRICK. (Tem. 4601.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Mon., Thurs., at 2.30.
IT'S A WISE CHILD
A Comedy.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evenings 8.30 Sharp.
Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.30 Sharp.
ROBERT'S WIFE
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. Evgs., 8.15.
Mats., Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES and CICELY COURTNEIDGE
in **"HIDE AND SEEK"**

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Whi. 6606.) EVGS., 8.15.
BALALAIKA A Musical Play.
Mats., WED., & SAT., 2.30. Extra Mat., Boxing Day.

HOLBORN EMPIRE. Holborn 9617.
27th year ITALIA CONTI production
WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.
Com. THUR., DEC. 16, and DAILY, at 2.15.
Pop. Prices. Concessions to Parties. Box office open.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686.) 8.30 sharp. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
No. Perf. Xmas Eve. Extra Mats., Dec. 27, Jan. 8 and 15.
VICTORIA REGINA
by LAURENCE HOUSMAN

PALACE. Ger. 6834. EVENINGS, 8.15.
Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30. 1st Mat., Wed., Dec. 15.
JACK WALLER Presents a New Musical Comedy
"OH! YOU LETTY."

PLAYHOUSE. Over 690 Perfs. Whi. 7774.
Evgs., 8.30 (ex. Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS

QUEEN'S. (Ger. 4517.) 8.30 Sharp. W. & S., 2.30.
(No Perfs. Dec. 23 and 24.) Ex. Mat., Boxing Day, 2.30
JOHN GIELGUD'S SEASON.
THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

ROYALTY. (Ger. 7331.) Evgs., 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Extra Matinee Boxing Day. No Perf. Xmas Eve.
I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Tem. 1443). Evgs. 8.30, Tu. F. 2.30
FLORA ROBSON in
AUTUMN
A BASIL DEAN PRODUCTION.

SHAFTESBURY (Ger 6666.) Evgs., 8.30 sharp.
Mats., Wed., Sat. & Boxing Day, 2.30.
EDMUND GWENN and BARRY K. BARNES in
THANK YOU, Mr. PEPYS

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) Wed. next, 8 (subs. 8.30).
JACK WALLER & GEORGE ABBOTT present
ROOM SERVICE
by John Murray & Allen Boretz.
NEW YORK'S GREAT LAUGHING HIT.

UNITY THEATRE. Eus. 5391. 8.30, Every Night.
"ARISTOCRATS"
by Pogodin. From DECEMBER 10th to 22nd.
Tickets 3/6, 2/6, 1/6, 1/-. Members and associates only.
Apply, UNITY THEATRE, Goldington St., Pancras Rd.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic. 1317.) 8.30. W., S., 2.30.
Reopens Boxing Day and Daily, 2.15.
BASIL FOSTER in
BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.

WESTMINSTER. (Vic. 0283.) 8/6, 4/6, 2/6, bookable.
Evgs. (except Wed.), 7 p.m. Mat., Wed., 2.30.
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA
by EUGENE O'NEILL.
RUN EXTENDED OVER CHRISTMAS

WHITEHALL. Smoking. (Whi. 6692.)
1ST PERFORMANCE FRIDAY, DEC. 10th, at 8.15.
(Subs. Evgs., 8.30. 1st Mat., Wed. next, 2.30.)
I KILLED THE COUNT
by Alec Coppel.

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028, 3029.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. & SATS., at 2.30.
"GEORGE and MARGARET."
COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY.

REPERTORY THEATRES

THE PLAYHOUSE, LIVERPOOL.
Evgs. 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30 p.m.
George and Margaret. By Gerald Savory.

HULL. Little.
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m.
The Ghost Train. By Arnold Ridley.

MANCHESTER REPERTORY THEATRE
Evenings at 7.30
Dandy Dick. By Sir A. W. Pinero.

FILMS

ACADEMY, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
The first great Italian international success
"SQUADRONE BIANCO" (U).
"It is perfect" *Echo de Paris*, and a great British Picture
"THE LAST ADVENTURERS" (U).

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn. Hum. 2285.
MONDAY, 13th DECEMBER, and WEEK
HANS MOSER and LEO SLEZAK in
CONFETTI (U).
A gay Carnival film

CONCERTS

ARNOLD GOLDSBROUGH CONCERTS

QUEEN MARY HALL
Great Russell Street (Tottenham Court Road), W.C.1
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 14TH, 8.30 P.M.
Ode on St. Cecilia's Day ... ... *Handel*
Fantasia for Flute, Oboe, Piano and Strings ... *Gotch*
Benedicite ... ... *R. Vaughan-Williams*
ELIZABETH DARBISHIRE, ALPHA NEWBY,
FRANK BUTTERWORTH, JOHN CRUFT, ERIC HARRISON.
Tickets: (two concerts), 13*s.* 9*d.*, 8*s.* 9*d.*; Single, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 2*s.*, from MISS WHYLEY, 47 Cadogan St. S.W.3 (Ken. 0767); or SECRETARY, Queen Mary Hall Concerts Committee, Great Russell Street, W.C.1. (Mus. 7512).

DANCE

INTERNATIONAL NIGHT, Saturday, Dec. 11th, Suffolk Galleries, Suffolk Street, S.W.1. Cabaret includes: MIRA DEVI and HARA SEN, PALMI TRAVANOVA, and FAMOUS SPANISH DANCER. Continental Delicatessen Buffet. Licensed bar. Dancing from 8 to 1 a.m. Tickets, 2*s.* 6*d.*, from "RUSSIA TO-DAY" Socials Committee, 5 Gt. Ormond Street, W.C.1, or at door.

CIVIL LIBERTIES DANCE, Thursday, December 16th, at Suffolk Galleries, S.W.1. 8.30 p.m. to 1 a.m. Guests: Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, Gordon Harker Side Shows. Tickets: Single, 3*s.*; Double, 5*s.*, from National Council for Civil Liberties, 320 Regent Street, W.1. (Langham 4388), or at the door.

EXHIBITION

TISA HESS
EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE AND DRAWING

Calmann Gallery, 42 St. James's Place. Open 11 a.m.—6 p.m. Until Thursday, Dec. 23rd.

RESTAURANTS

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner, or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. Mus. 6428.

FOR THE TABLE

MACKIE'S EDINBURGH SHORTBREAD

Per Tin, by post, 2*s.* 10*d.*, 4*s.* 10*d.*, 7*s.* 1*d.*
Enclose your greeting cards with order and we will post for Christmas delivery to your friends. Complete Price List post free on request.

J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD.,
108 Princes Street, Edinburgh, 2.

PERSONAL

DO you hate CHRISTMAS CARDS? Then you have not seen our Historical Series. Fine wood-engravings and unusual quotations. Samples sent. The SAMSON PRESS, Woodstock, Oxford.

PEACE—With Music! Violin, Singing, and Musicianship. 5*s.* per hour. All ages. Evenings. Box 249. N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

JOHN McCALLUM Horoscopes accurately cast and individually interpreted. One guinea. Mention special problems. 154a High Street, Guildford.

OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS offered, with family, in primitive farm-house. Terms 2½ *gns.* per head, four can be accommodated. MARSHALL, Grafton, Marlborough.

NUDIST GATHERINGS. Wednesdays and Fridays at West London gymnasium. Write, enclosing stamped envelope: SECRETARY, National Sun and Air Association, 6 Foster Lane, E.C.2.

BEFORE you have your child photographed for Christmas, come and see my child studies at 5 Paddington Street, Marylebone. WEL. 4950. ANTHONY PANTING.

DETECTIVES. Divorce, Enquiries, etc. Terms moderate. Consultations free. UNIVERSAL DETECTIVES, 12 Henrietta Street, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 9058.

STOP SMOKING—quick, cheap, lasting as grateful 1,000's testify. Either sex. Write. CARLTON CHEMICALS, 251, Birmingham.

MISCELLANEOUS

VICTORIAN Settee: sound, hair-stuffed and of charming proportion, for 70*s.* Modernised to your choice. Advice and information from: GERALD HOLTOM, Artist Decorator, 37 Willow Road, Hampstead, N.W.3. 'Phone: HAM. 5790.

JOHN PEEL Cumberland Tweeds, woven from pure virgin wool. Ideal for sports and country wear. Price 10*s.* 6*d.* yard 56in. wide. Patterns post free. REDMAYNES, 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed; from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarth's, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins, 1*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.* post free.

KNITTING for Basque children. Pure Anglesey Wools at reduced prices from 2½*d.* oz. LLYWENAN MILL, Bodedern, Holyhead.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

MARKET OUTLOOK—RISING UNEMPLOYMENT—THE SILVER SCARE

THE unexpectedly large increase in the unemployment figures put a damper upon Stock Exchange business this week. Of course, as soon as security prices fall the managements of the new investment trusts keep off the market, hoping to buy more cheaply. The market is not now placing too much faith in the leadership of these patently "orthodox" new trusts. To become bullish of British industrial equities at to-day's prices it is necessary to assume first that the present slackening in certain trades is a temporary factor induced by the fall in commodity prices which causes de-stocking, and by the deflation of security values which reacts upon the purchases of semi-luxury goods; secondly, that manufacturers will begin to restock early in the New Year, when America will start to recover; thirdly, that any decline in housing in 1938 will be offset by a further increase in the rate of Government expenditure on rearmament. I do not suggest that this bullish hypothesis is untenable, but it involves a number of guesses. Personally, I would buy selected industrial equities for the income yield but not for capital appreciation. It is curious that although the risks of trade have increased and although ordinary shares have fallen heavily since the spring in anticipation of reduced earnings, the price level of industrial preference shares has been fairly well maintained. Presumably, cheap money has served to bolster up the prices of even the "marginal" stocks. I suggest that investors should re-examine their lists to see whether they hold vulnerable, and relatively over-valued, preference shares which might be exchanged into gilt-edged stocks or even into gilt-edged equities of the stable-dividend class.

* * *

Various reflections will occur to investors who study in detail the latest unemployment return. The aggregate increase of 108,954, making a total rise of 189,999 in the figure of unemployed workers between the middle of August and mid-November, indicates that, for all the optimism expressed on Monday by the chairman of the Midland Bank, something much more significant than a seasonal slacking is taking place. Only in coal-mining was there an improvement last month, and in no less than fifteen industrial groups the numbers out of work rose by over 2,000. It may be true, as Mr. McKenna suggested, that it is the classes most affected by a fall in stock-market values whose normal expenditure has lately been curtailed, thus producing—in combination with the disturbance of a set-back in raw material prices—the present incipient recession. But I suspect that higher prices have also led to a good deal of consumer resistance on the part of potential purchasers who never bought an equity share in their life, but now find that the rising cost of necessities is reducing the amount available in the household exchequer for marginal goods. Industries which are clearly vulnerable in these circumstances are motors, radio, household furniture and the more expensive categories of hotels. Cinema receipts are also apt to be affected fairly quickly by fluctuations in purchasing power; and so are the takings of greyhound racing enterprises.

* * *

A leading firm of jobbers in the industrial market issues a pamphlet advocating purchases of iron, steel and coal shares on the lower level of prices. Their first argument that the average yield on iron and steel shares has increased from £2 14*s.* 11*d.* to £5 1*s.* 2*d.* per cent. and on coal shares from £4 5*s.* 5*d.* to £5 17*s.* 6*d.* per cent. since November, 1936, whereas the yield from 2½ per cent. Consols has only risen from £2 19*s.* 2*d.* to £3 6*s.* 5*d.* per cent. is peculiarly naive. Their second argument that purposely delayed public works, such as roads, rural water supply, railway electrification and re-equipment and more subsidised housing, will be undertaken to maintain iron and steel activity when rearmament is completed, has greater force but calls for child-like faith in the wisdom of our legislators and town councillors. Personally I prefer the leading aircraft shares to iron and steel because in their case rearmament will never be completed. The pick is Bristol Aeroplane at 47*s.* 6*d.*, to yield 4¾ per cent. on last year's dividend or 5¼ per cent. on an estimated dividend of 25 per cent.

* * *

After last spring's gold scare, a silver scare—the one apparently as groundless as the other. Publication, last Monday, of the fact that there are no negotiations on foot to renew the sales restriction agreement, concluded in 1933 and due to expire at the end of this year, led to fears that the United States might no longer support the price of silver, and the spot quotation fell a penny per ounce to 18 7/16*d.*, the lowest figure since 1934. Next day, however, Mr. Morgenthau gave an assurance that the U.S. silver policy is unchanged; and though this does not seem to preclude the possibility of a reduction in the American Treasury's buying price of 45 cents per ounce, fears of a collapse were allayed and the price steadied again. When the Silver Purchase Act was passed by Congress in 1934, the attainment of its declared aim—the creation of a silver holding equal to one-third of the stock of monetary gold—called for the purchase of about 1,000 million ounces of silver. Since then the gold stock in the U.S.A. has enormously increased; and to-day, despite the past three years' importation of silver, nearly 1¼ milliard ounces would have to be bought to make up the one-third proportion. It may be presumed that Mr. Roosevelt has no intention of courting a repetition of the silver boom of 1935, and purchases on that sort of scale are most unlikely. But to proceed to the other extreme and cease to support the silver market altogether, would be an equally improbable action on Washington's part. It may be that the present internal price of nearly 78 cents per pound paid by the U.S. Treasury for home-produced silver will be reduced, if the President can overcome opposition from the silver lobby in Congress. But to upset silver production in Mexico and Canada would be bad business for the United States, and the volume of silver which fails to be absorbed by the U.S. Treasury under present buying policy is not excessive. Exports from China, since the war with Japan commenced, have naturally been large, but Indian demand for silver is good. In any case, acceptance of silver by the U.S.A. has indirectly a beneficial monetary result. It tends to weaken the foreign exchange rate of the dollar and hence to promote an efflux of gold, thus diminishing its present maldistribution. Investors who feel doubts as to the stability of the world silver price, yet wish to retain an interest in base metals, might consider switching from Burma Corporation (lead, spelter and silver) to Zinc Corporation (lead and spelter), but I do not rate highly the risk of silver falling appreciably below 19*d.*

TRUST *of* BANK & INSURANCE SHARES offers a most convenient method of securing an investment spread over the stocks and shares of 52 leading British banks and insurance companies. The holder of Bank-Insurance Units is *free from personal liability in respect of uncalled capital.*

Full particulars may be obtained and Bank-Insurance Units may be bought or sold at any time, free of commission and stamp duty, through any Stockbroker or Bank. The estimated yield at current prices and based on cash dividends is from 3¾% to 4%. Price of Bank-Insurance Units, 7th Dec., 20s. 0d.

TRUST *of* BANK & INSURANCE SHARES

TRUSTEES
MIDLAND BANK EXECUTOR & TRUSTEE CO. LIMITED
MANAGERS: TRUST OF INSURANCE SHARES LIMITED
30 Cornhill, London, E.C.3

Mansion House 5467

McN 992/4

Company Meeting

BRITISH TYRE & RUBBER COMPANY

SUBSTANTIALLY INCREASED PROFITS

The thirteenth annual general meeting of British Tyre and Rubber Company, Limited, was held on December 7th, in London.

Sir Walrond Sinclair (chairman and managing director) presided and said the company's profits totalled £226,289 as compared with £204,659. That was a most gratifying result as, though trade conditions in this country had, generally speaking, been favourable, the board had nevertheless had many difficulties to surmount, more particularly in the wide fluctuations in raw material prices and the delays in deliveries due to circumstances entirely beyond their control. The net profit, subject to tax, was £168,707, against £148,322, and the directors now recommended a final dividend of 4½ per cent. together with a cash bonus of 2 per cent., making a total of 10 per cent. for the year. The balance sheet again reflected the continued expansion of the company's business, and two interesting propositions having recently been put before the board, it was probable that before the presentation of the next balance sheet a profitable use would have been found for a large proportion of the company's surplus cash resources.

He would emphasise that the further progress made during the past year was firstly the result of an increased turnover in practically all departments of the company's business and not of unusual activity in any one particular field, and the increased profits did not reflect the results of any large orders of an exceptional or non-recurrent character from the Government, or from industrial or other customers. The directors had not thought it desirable to pass all increased costs on to the consumer, and in most of their products had had to work on narrower profit margins, but to a large extent that had been compensated by the larger volume of sales. The high quality and reliability of their company's products was widely appreciated and the board would continue to maintain that standard as being "best in the long run."

The principal subsidiary, the India Rubber and Gutta Percha Company, had experienced a satisfactory increase in turnover in practically all departments. All their other subsidiaries had made satisfactory progress.

With regard to the future, the company was better equipped than ever to take full advantage of every trade opportunity, or conversely, to withstand unexpected shocks. The report was unanimously adopted.

LLOYDS BANK

LIMITED

Chairman
The Rt. Hon. Lord Wardington

Deputy Chairman
Sir Austin E. Harris, K.B.E.

Vice-Chairman
Francis A. Beane

Chief General Manager
G. F. Abell

Joint General Managers
W. G. Johns, D.S.O., R. A. Wilson, Sydney Parkes, S. P. Cherrington

TOTAL ASSETS EXCEED
£475,000,000

The Bank transacts every kind of banking business and offers a complete and efficient service with facilities throughout the World.

Head Office:
71 LOMBARD ST., LONDON, E.C. 3

'... AS A MARINE OFFICER STATIONED IN THE TROPICS'
"May I congratulate you on your splendid combination — Barneys 'Punchbowle' and 'EverFresh' packing? I appreciate a tobacco that is equally satisfying on watch, when the thermometer rises above 110°F. or in my leisure moments off watch."

A splendid combination—

BARNEYS

and its 'EverFresh' Tin

For over eighty years John Sinclair's have been making *good* Tobaccos, and Barneys is the greatest of them all. Born in Edinburgh, blended to please the exacting taste of the North, Barneys has now the largest sale amongst Tobaccos of its class in all the World.

The very success of Barneys brought its own problem: how to ensure that smokers *everywhere* should encounter, *always*, perfect smoking condition . . . Thus we introduced that Barneys "EVERFRESH" Tin which maintains Factory-freshness, in the Tropics, in the Arctic, *everywhere*.

If *you* are seeking a Tobacco which will not vary, in *goodness* or in its friendly charm, give Barneys a trial. To countless Smokers in many lands, it has brought pipe-joy. It may do the same for you. And you will never find a Tobacco in better smoking condition.

◇

Barneys (*medium*),
Punchbowle (*full strength*),
Parsons Pleasure (*mild*).

In the world-famed "EVERFRESH" Tin, 1 oz. 1/2d.

Also in "READY-FILLS": Cartons of 12, 1/2d. "Ready-Fills" *add* something to the joy of smoking . . . they draw beautifully: they burn evenly, cleanly and coolly right to the very end, and the last puff is as sweet as the first.

(238) Made by John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CHANGING PLACES

WILL you try, in imagination, to change places with a poor family this Christmas? Think of yourself and your own family with no traditional Christmas fare or festivities: with no comforting fire, no bulging, mysterious stockings for your little ones, no staying up late, no toys. It will be difficult, but please try.

Then, remember that many thousands of poor families will have just such a Christmas unless . . . . and this is the important point . . . . you will share your festivities with them.

£5 would give a Christmas Parcel each to ten poor families. But if you cannot do as much as you would like, ten shillings would give one poor family a parcel.

Please send a gift now to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY

PEACE ACTION
IN
CENTRES OF CONFLICT

INDIA.	Quaker Ashram where Indians and Europeans meet to transcend differences.
NEAR EAST.	Schools and Centres in Syria and Palestine promoting friendship among races and religions.
FAR EAST.	Educational and medical work in China and Japan. International Centre project in Shanghai.
SPAIN.	Relief work in Government and Insurgent territory.
GERMANY.	Assistance to German refugees in England, Holland, France, Czechoslovakia.

Reconciliation and Peace Work through Friends' Centres in Berlin, Geneva, Paris, Vienna and other places in Europe, Africa and the East.

THIS IS CONSTRUCTIVE WORK FOR PEACE
Financial help urgently needed.

Contributions should be sent to:

FRIENDS SERVICE COUNCIL

(*Secretary:* PAUL D. STURGE):

Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1

"For it is a false notion that more is gained by receiving than giving—no, the receiver and the giver are equal in their benefits."

JOHN KEATS.

MACBETH found that an uneasy conscience can ruin a good dinner. We do not suggest that an easily spared contribution towards the unfortunates who would otherwise go without is a pleasant way of excusing one's own self-indulgence; nevertheless, it seems the special duty of all of us, particularly at this season, to do what we can to remove, at least temporarily, the hardships of others. It has been said that this paper is read by the "haves" with a real sympathy with the "have-nots." We appeal to our readers to demonstrate this sympathy by considering the deserving causes whose claims are set out in our pages in this issue and the issue that follows.

THE NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME AND ORPHANAGE

Christmas and the happiness of children are synonymous, so that any appeal on behalf of the less fortunate children throughout the country should find a ready sympathy amongst the readers of a journal like THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. The National Children's Home and Orphanage has cared for over 25,000 children since its foundation 68 years ago. Its great work made a very modest start in a small house by Waterloo Station, but there are to-day 29 branches in various parts of the country. Each branch has its special work—some tend the rearing of the babies, some to the physical disabilities of children resulting generally from malnutrition prior to their entry into the Home, some to educating and training boys and girls for various trades. In none of these branches is any kind of uniform worn, in fact the aim is to provide the home-like atmosphere and surroundings which these children have every right to expect but would otherwise be denied. The object of this week's appeal is to give the children the little "extras" which Christmas brings to other children and it is hoped that all readers will give this appeal very careful consideration. Donations to The National Children's Home and Orphanage, Highbury Park, London, N.5.

THE FRIENDS SERVICE COUNCIL

The distribution of milk and clothing to children in both Government and Insurgent Spain, practical assistance to some of the thousands of German Refugees in London, Paris, Prague, etc, the establishment of a Quaker Ashram in mid-India—these are isolated instances of the extraordinary variety of ways in which the work of the Friends Service Council has developed during the past few years. This is, of course, in addition to the steady work of peace and reconciliation through their Centres in Berlin, Geneva, Paris and Vienna and further afield in Africa and the East. At the present moment plans are in hand for the opening of yet another "Quaker Embassy" in Shanghai. This venture was under consideration before the Sino-Japanese conflict broke out, and although for the present the possibility of starting such work has receded, the need of a Centre of this sort is only intensified. The Society of Friends in this country and in Ireland is only some 20,000 strong—a large proportion of whom are children—

Help Mummie to get well again

The Hospital serves a million poor in North London and there are very many mothers among the patients whose families anxiously await their return.

PLEASE HELP US THIS CHRISTMASTIDE FOR THEIR SAKE!

Everywhere in this district there is poverty, hardship and suffering, but very little money.

Send a gift now to the Rt. Hon. SIR PHILIP SASSOON, Bart., M.P., Hon. Treasurer.

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL
HOLLOWAY, N.7

and the Society therefore seeks the co-operation in work of such general interest and importance of a wider public. It is very much hoped that those who see in such work a practical expression of pacifism, will respond generously to the need. Contributions should be addressed to: The General Secretary, Friends Service Council, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

THE ROYAL CANCER HOSPITAL (FREE)
AN ENEMY WE MUST FIGHT!

Every reader of this paper stands for peace, but cancer is an enemy that is carrying on a perpetual war against mankind. About 1,200 people die from this terrible disease every week. We must fight this common enemy with every weapon that we can muster. The Royal Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road, is entirely free to all sufferers, no matter how poor they are. There are no formalities of introduction. Hundreds of sufferers are treated by the most up-to-date methods available, and all the time the Research Institute of the Hospital carries on its unceasing efforts to discover the cause and the cure of this dread disease. In recent years the public of this country has become alarmed by the awful slaughter on our roads. Writers and speakers throughout the country have awakened a public interest which has caused Parliament to consider and pass Bills which aim at the reduction of this terrible toll on life. Cancer is an equally indiscriminate enemy, but by the very nature of its attack, its toll on life is not brought home to the public with the same graphic force as road accidents. We ask every reader, particularly at this season of the year, to give something towards the vitally urgent needs of this great Hospital and thereby contribute towards the fight which is being carried on skilfully and patiently by the self-sacrificing army of doctors and nurses in Fulham Road. The sum of £150,000 is most urgently needed to enlarge and modernise wards, to maintain and increase the scope of the Research Institute and to provide more and better accommodation for the staff which has to be increased as the work of the Hospital grows. Donations should be sent to the Earl of Granard, at the Hospital, Fulham Road, London, S.W.3.

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL

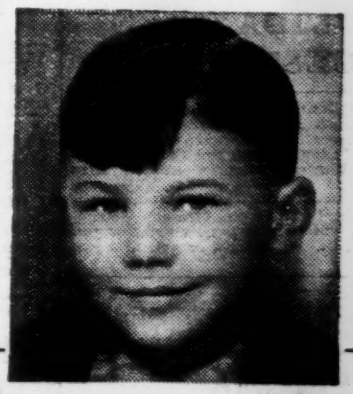
An anonymous donor has generously offered a gift of £40,000 towards the sum required to meet the urgent needs of this well-known Hospital, if an equal sum is forthcoming from public subscriptions. Therefore every pound, or every shilling, you give is in effect doubled by this offer. The claims of the Royal Northern Hospital are straightforward enough. It is one of the largest general Hospitals in London. Last year it treated 6,400 In-patients and no fewer than 376,000 Out-patients. Not being one of the great Hospitals situated in the heart of London, its needs are liable to be overlooked by many people. Therefore this paragraph is written in the hope that it will serve to draw our readers' attention to the vital need of more funds, in the form of donations or legacies, for general maintenance and for the rebuilding and enlargement of parts of the structure which have become urgently necessary. Towards the sum of £350,000 which is required to meet the plans in hand, £125,000 has already been given or promised, so that if the offer of £40,000 can be accepted by the public subscription of a further £40,000, the Hospital will be well on the way towards the full satisfaction of its immediate urgent needs. Donations should be sent to The Secretary, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway Road, N.7.

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Patron—HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
President—THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT HALIFAX, K.G., P.C.
Chairman of the Executive Committee—
SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, Bt., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.
Honorary Treasurer—SIR HOLBURT WARING, Bt., C.B.E., F.R.C.S.

Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for Research and information on cancer, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased our knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers. But our present accommodation is too limited and we **are now building new modern laboratories** to extend the scope of our investigations. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure, and help is urgently needed to meet the heavy additional cost of expansion.

Legacies, Subscriptions, and Donations are earnestly solicited, and should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, 8-11 Queen Square, London, W.C.1.



HAPPIER CHILDREN

Children saved from ill-treatment last year by the N.S.P.C.C. numbered 114,336, making a total of almost 5,000,000 during 53 years' work. This *National* Society has 270 "Children's Men" working in England, Wales and Ireland. By persuasion, rather than prosecution, they are exerting a vast influence in overcoming conditions threatening the physical, moral and mental welfare of the young.

The N.S.P.C.C. has been responsible for valuable contributions to legislation, including the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Acts of 1889, 1894, 1904, and the Children and Young Persons' Act, 1933.

● **Please help this great work for the Nation's Children by sending a Christmas gift to Wm. J. Elliott, O.B.E., Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.**

N·S·P·C·C

PRESIDENT: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT.

Western Canada Calling

It is impossible to exaggerate the immensity of the disaster which has overtaken large parts of Southern Alberta, Southern Saskatchewan and parts of Manitoba. Not less than 60,000 families must look to the Dominion Government for relief. In the midst of it all, the patience and hope of the people and the self-sacrifice of the mission clergy are inspiring to a degree. Without the help of friends in more prosperous circumstances, some missions must close.

If you are able to help in any way, please send your gift to The Secretary,

THE COLONIAL AND CONTINENTAL CHURCH SOCIETY

9 Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4